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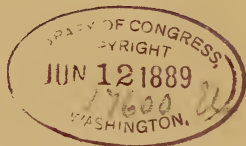
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The Student's Series of English Classics.

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MACAULAY'S
" "
ESSAY ON LORD CLIVE.

EDITED BY
VIDA D. SCUDDER.
WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

"Clive it was gave England India."—BROWNING.



LEACH, SHEWELL, & SANBORN.
BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

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P R E F A C E.

THE style of Macaulay affords peculiar advantages as an instrument of literary training for young students; and it is with wisdom that the Association of New England Colleges demands from every matriculate familiarity with the characteristic and brilliant essay on Lord Clive. The present edition aims to supply such help as will make the essay most thoroughly useful to students of literature. It is as literature, not as history, that the essay is required; and as literature, not as history, it has here been treated. Exhaustive historical annotations would have doubled the size of the volume: minor allusions have therefore been disregarded on the one hand; while on the other, little attention has been paid to such references as can be found in an ordinary encyclopædia. Those who seek in the essay primarily a study of the history of India are recommended to the excellent edition of Mr. Courthope Bowen, which is furnished with an elaborate historical introduction and with copious notes. Many of Mr. Courthope Bowen's

notes have been borrowed in this volume, and are followed by the initials "C. B." The essay, however, richly repays study as a piece of pure literature; and the object of this edition will be attained if the student is put by it into intelligent and discriminating sympathy with the work of one of the masters of English prose.

MAY, 1889.

CONTENTS.

CHIEF FACTS IN THE LIFE OF MACAULAY	vi
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH: MACAULAY THE MAN	1
SIX FAMOUS ESSAYS ON ENGLISH HISTORY, BY MACAULAY	5
MACAULAY THE WRITER	6
HINTS ON THE HANDLING OF AN ESSAY	10
LORD CLIVE	13
INTRODUCTION TO NOTES	129
NOTES	131

CHIEF FACTS IN MACAULAY'S LIFE.

BIRTH, October 25, 1800.

ADMISSION TO CAMBRIDGE, 1818.

CONNECTION WITH EDINBURGH REVIEW, 1825-1844.

ENTRANCE TO PARLIAMENT, 1830.

SPEECHES ON REFORM BILL, 1831.

MEMBERSHIP IN SUPREME COUNCIL OF INDIA, 1833.

MARRIAGE OF SISTER, 1834.

PUBLICATION OF INDIAN PENAL CODE, 1837.

RETURN TO ENGLAND, 1838.

SECRETARYSHIP OF WAR, 1839.

LOSS OF SEAT IN PARLIAMENT, 1847.

PUBLICATION OF FIRST PART OF HISTORY, 1848.

FAILURE IN HEALTH, 1852.

ELEVATION TO PEERAGE, 1857.

DEATH, December 28, 1859.

INDIA,

SHOWING THE COMPANY'S TERRITORY
IN 1767.

English Miles
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MACAULAY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

MACAULAY THE MAN.

It is a pleasure to write of a career and a nature so wholesome, happy and sound as those of Thomas Babington Macaulay. Few men of genius have ever been born in so precisely the age and country where their special powers could develop with least friction and most complete effect. Macaulay's birth-year was the birth-year of the century. During his mature life, England was passing through a reaction from the ungoverned emotional strain of the revolutionary time. She had become practical, and sought to reach her ends through constitutional reforms and discussions in Parliament. Of this practical, sensible, cool-headed phase of her history, Macaulay was an excellent representative. There was no passion in his life; there was little sadness; there was no struggle, beyond that implied in an honorable, successful, and constant activity. In inheritance, in training, in the environment and circumstances of life, above all in his own character, he was singularly fortunate. And he knew it. He never bemoaned the past, like Carlyle, nor sighed for the future, like Shelley. He was at home in his own generation; and outward fame continually growing, and inward peace almost unbroken, sum up his bright and useful years.

His inheritance was admirable. Zachary Macaulay, his father, was a man who would have delighted Carlyle: a



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silent man, rugged in his integrity, unflinching in his religious zeal. One of the most active promoters of the abolition of the slave-trade, his affiliations were with men who approached public questions with deep interest from the moral side; and the young Macaulay was thus from childhood brought out of the narrow circle of his own boyish nature, and taught to fling himself with keen intensity into the broad life of the nation. His mother was a wise, warm-hearted woman; and a crowd of younger brothers and sisters completed a home which roused a passionate devotion in Macaulay when he was a child, and developed in him a deep and sunny domestic affection, that clung to him through his life. He was never allowed to suspect that he was in the least different from other children: that to say "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated," when hot coffee was spilled on his small legs, was an unusual form of rejoinder for a little boy; or, that there was anything exceptional in writing a Universal History at the age of six. Perfectly modest and merry, he passed a bright childhood. He received the conventional training of the young Englishman, at school and in the University. He did not take honors at Cambridge, because he hated mathematics; but he made many friends, and distinguished himself for his talk and general powers.

The year 1824 was the turning-point of his life, and marks the beginning of his active work. In this year, he took a fellowship at Trinity; and in this year, his father's business losses threw on Macaulay the burden of heavy debts, and the support of his brothers and sisters. He assumed the burden with simple and ready cheer; carried it easily, and before he was forty had met all his obligations and amassed a small fortune. In the following year, 1825, began his connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, — a connection unbroken for nearly twenty years. His famous article on Milton, writ-

ten at this time, at once made him known all over England as a young man of brilliant promise. When only thirty, he was sitting in Parliament, vehemently devoted to Whig principles, and winning for himself a great name as an orator, by his eloquence and sound common sense in the great Reform Bill debate of 1832. Plunged heart and soul into the excitement of politics, he yet found time to mingle freely with the most brilliant London society, to do much official work, and to write many of his best-known essays. In 1834 he accepted a lucrative position in India: and there he spent four years with a favorite sister, during which he read and wrote prodigiously, drew up a penal code, a monument of legislation, and saved a fortune large enough to secure his comfort for the rest of his life. He came home, and passed from honor to honor. Twice he sat in the Cabinet; all over England he was famous as statesman and orator. When he retired from politics in 1847, it was in order to be free for that History of England which was greeted on its publication by a tumult of applause. Finally, in 1857, he was given a peerage; and he enjoyed it with the same unaffected and dignified complacency with which he welcomed every honor of his long career. His external life was happy in private as in public. He never married: simply — we have his word for it — because he never fell in love; but in his devotion to his little nieces and nephews, he showered forth all the warm and tender sweetness of his nature. Friends abounded. He was rich, was contented with London, and London life. Above all, even the omnivorous appetite of a Macaulay could not devour all the books in the world; and as long as any books remained unread — Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian — life would have retained for him an undimmed interest. Happy, and what is rarer, knowing that he was happy; famous, honored, and beloved; — Macaulay passed the latter part of his life in a

peaceful retirement, sank in quiet fortitude through years of distressing but not enfeebling illness, and finally died without warning on the 28th of December, 1859. Two months before, he had written: "October 25, 1859. My birthday. I am fifty-nine years old. Well, I have had a happy life. I do not know that any one whom I have seen close has had a happier."

The current of his inner life, like that of his outer, was smooth. He had a sunshiny temperament, affectionate, with no touch of unrest. He was generous and modest. His devotion to those he loved was complete. His unflinching sense of honor was of that highest type which is utterly free from self-consciousness. He voted for a measure which would make him penniless; he resigned his position in Parliament, rather than hurt his father's feelings; while in India, he pleaded nobly for the freedom of the press, at a time when the newspapers of the country were bespattering him with foul abuse: and in all these crises he took his own behavior simply for granted. It was easy for Macaulay to be good. He never had any doubts, speculative or practical. He always knew exactly what he ought to do, and he always did it. He was always quite sure of what he believed; and anything that he could not make up his mind about, he decided was not worth his thoughts. No wonder that he was a happy man.

One is glad to be able to say of a man eminent for his literary work, that his moral nature was even greater than his intellectual; and this we may say of Macaulay. So far as intellect goes, he cannot be called an original thinker. He could not be, for he never stopped to think. When he was taking a walk, he read; when he was on shipboard, he read; when he was in trouble, he read; when he was happy, he read; and when he had no book in his hand, he repeated books out of his memory. So he had no time to let his own mind work, and took all his opinions as he found them ready made for him

in books, and determined by his temperament. It is curious to compare his letters with those of a man like Carlyle and to see how exclusively Macaulay confines himself to giving the news. He never discusses a subject, though he occasionally announces a view. Neither the profoundly imaginative nor the profoundly speculative nature could bear such a life as his. But his lack of originality made it all the easier for him to produce a great quantity of excellent and valuable work. He had a wonderful memory, unfailing industry, a vivid conception of the past and a unique style; and he was thoroughly interested in his subject. He said the things that most intelligent people thought, so eloquently and incisively that they began at once to pride themselves on their own cleverness. He achieved his ambition; he wrote a History of England, which for a time supplanted the novel on every drawing-room table. He did more than this: for he made the past real to us, and he impressed his style with ineffaceable force on the English of his century. Wonderfully popular during his life, there was a tendency to speak lightly of Macaulay, for some time after his death. The re-action has worn itself out, and we are ready at last to recognize his real and great value. We do not blame Xenophon because he is not Thucydides, nor Macaulay because he is not Carlyle.

SIX FAMOUS ESSAYS ON ENGLISH HISTORY, BY
MACAULAY.

MILTON. Published in 1825.

HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. Published in 1828.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. Published in 1838.

CHATHAM. Published in 1844.

LORD CLIVE. Published in 1840.

WARREN HASTINGS. Published in 1841.

MACAULAY THE WRITER.

If we have rightly understood the character of Macaulay, we can almost predict the qualities of his style. For style is not arbitrary and mechanical, nor is it the result of conscious effort. The succession of sounds, the cadence of sentences, the diction; far more, the choice of figures and incidents, the grouping and general tone, — all these are, like the perfume of the flower, the spontaneous and necessary expression of that nature from which they spring.

The first note of Macaulay's style is, then, the same which we have found in his life: it is the note of certainty. He knows exactly what he wants to say, and he says it with entire assurance. Whether he has to describe a man, a policy, or a battle, his touch is firm and strong. His subject never runs away with him. This power of quiet and masterly control is visible in the whole scope and trend of his art. An essay sweeps onward, and we grasp its complex thought with ease: "Beneath the smooth and polished surface, layer under layer may be seen of subordinate narratives, crossing and interlacing each other, like the parts in the score of an oratorio. And this complexity results, not in confusion, but in the most admirable clearness and unity of effect" — (Cotter Morrison). Again, the power is shown in the portrayal of character, on however small a canvas. The vignette of Surajah Dowlah in the Essay on Clive, is an excellent example. Above all, it is visible in the very turn and sequence of phrase; in the regular beat of the sentence, in clear-cut antithesis, in swift climax, in sonorous and firmly built period. The antithetical or balanced sentence is the form most characteristic of Macaulay. "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread, and attention my butter," he said to his mother on first starting for school when he was a tiny fellow; and the sentence, which in form might

come straight from the History of England, shows the truth of our statement that style is born in a man, not added to him. Now the antithetical form comes from a mind which expresses itself incisively because it sees certainly. It was the assurance with which Macaulay classified his ideas, that enabled him to put them over against each other with an unfailing regularity which sometimes becomes tedious. He may not suggest much to the imagination, but he gives it a great deal, as much as he sees himself.

And the occasional monotony of his style is largely relieved by another quality: the vividness of his conception of the past. It has been said that at the very time when history was tending to become scientific and philosophical — that is. to accumulate facts and study causes — Macaulay was recalling it to the personal and the picturesque. He could not render us a greater service. Hastening through space in every direction are the light rays, which have left the earth through all the ages of the past. Each ray carries with it the constant ineffaceable image, clear as when first it met the eye of man, of the scene which was taking place at its departure. Still Leonidas defends the pass of Thermopylæ; still young Raleigh, with courtly grace, flings his cloak before Elizabeth; still Napoleon surveys the field of Elba. Across these rays, Macaulay seems to project his spirit; and he sees the panorama of the past. One by one, he retraces their path of light; and the vision of events — as they actually follow each other is unrolled before him. On this magic journey he takes us with him. He shows us all the actions of men; the battlefield, the council-chamber, the secret plot. He does not philosophize; he does not discuss. He does not, at his best, analyze men's passions, nor unveil the secrets of their heart. He depicts; and herein lies his best power. Who can read the description of the Black Hole, of the Battle of Plassey, and

not be aware that something is added to his personal experience? He does not indeed feel, as Carlyle would make him feel, that he himself has fought the battle, or suffocated in that horrid heat; but he does feel that he has been a spectator of it all, has heard the blare of the trumpets, and seen the survivors stagger from their dungeon. This peculiar vividness of mind is seen in other ways as well as in direct description. It is shown in the wonderful wealth of imagery that makes Macaulay's earlier style fairly blaze with simile and metaphor, and in the more legitimate and equally effective device by which past and present, near and far, are constantly made to illustrate each other. The power to see pictures, and make us see them, is to the historian a primary requisite; and few historians have possessed it to as great a degree as Macaulay.

One other characteristic, desirable and somewhat unusual, his style emphatically possesses. It is not only assured and vivid; it is also swift. This quality springs in great measure from Macaulay's practice as an orator. A speech must "go," or it is a dead failure. However involved the theme, however minute the setting, the effect of a successful oration must be one of rush and force. This effect, when transferred from the oration to the printed page, is of the greatest value. It removes the heavy or languid movement too frequent in essay and history, and keeps the attention constantly on the alert. Macaulay's essays are dignified in method and elaborate in structure; yet they always carry with them the business-like sense, that we are getting on as quickly as we can. Some small points may be sacrificed, a fine shade may be lost here and there; but on the whole the spirited sweep and rapid vigor of the delineation more than compensate to the average reader for any omissions. Moreover, public speaking trains to an unusual explicitness. Everything said must be understood at the first hearing; so the orator becomes accustomed to express-

ing himself with a clearness so absolute, that the stupidest reader cannot fail to see what he means. Thus Macaulay's style may be read with absolute ease, not only from the swiftness, but also from the clearness of its movement.

Definite handling, picturesque conception, and quick, clear movement mark, then, the famous style of Macaulay. More technical points, such as the quality of his diction and the method of his sentence-structure, the student may well be left to discover for himself. The qualities which have been described are nowhere more fully exemplified than in this essay on Lord Clive. A military subject called forth all the brightness of Macaulay's powers. The character of Clive was one which he could understand at a glance; it presented an initial paradox to explain, and a false view to combat, and such a union was always particularly attractive to him. Moreover, the magnitude of the interests involved, and the pomp of the setting, had for him something the same fascination which they had for Burke. We may say in his own words:—"Hindustan, with its vast cities, its gorgeous pagodas, its long-descended dynasties, its stately etiquette, excited in a mind so capacious, so imaginative, and so susceptible, the most intense interest." The interest of Macaulay, however, unlike that of Burke, was chiefly aroused by the contrast between this gorgeous but languid civilization and the force, despatch, and good sense of the statesman and general from the West; and this contrast is admirably brought out by him. Take it all in all, this essay, for intrinsic value of subject and spirited ease of handling, is among the very best of his writings.

HINTS ON THE HANDLING OF AN ESSAY.

AN essay is the presentation, in literary form, of a single phase of thought, dream, or fact. The phase may be simple or complex, but it must be one.

An essay may, then, be meditative, like Bacon's "On Studies;" or fanciful, like Lamb's "Dream-Children;" or narrative, like Macaulay's "Lord Clive" and "Warren Hastings;" or controversial, as almost any article on politics or theology in the current magazines. The critical essay is, of course, that form of the meditative essay which takes the thought or art of some one else for its theme; while the scientific essay comes under the head of fact.

It is obviously difficult to find any one principle of treatment, specific enough to be of value, which shall cover these different forms. We do not assuredly wish to approach in the same spirit or by the same method, Lamb when he talks of Roast Pig, Emerson when he reflects on Compensation, and the modern economist when he argues about Free Trade. Of all literary forms, the essay is least definite in its governing rules, most readily moulded by the progressive instinct of the writer. The poet must abide by his own self-chosen laws; the orator, by the necessary limit of time, and the scientific principles of persuasion. But the essayist is

in no wise bound. He may meander on at his pleasure with a gentle and leisurely grace; he may string together a succession of disconnected, scintillating epigrams; or he may march his embattled phalanxes in double-quick movement to action. The essay is free, and in this freedom lies alike the secret of its charm and of its danger. In the hands of a strong man, who can safely abandon himself to the spontaneous swing of his nature, it has a peculiar, intimate, unstudied charm, and is at times noble; but in the hands of a weak man, it becomes loose, disconnected, and weak. More clearly, perhaps, than any other form, it reveals the native power of the author.

The only canon of study which we can lay down is a very simple one. It is, to ask what the author has tried to do; how far, and in what way, he has succeeded; in what respects, if in any, he has failed. Of definite structure-analysis comparatively little can be done, though there are, of course, cases where it is rewarding. But the essay, like every form of art, must have somewhere a central unity, however slight and imperceptible. Conscious purpose it need not have; but an unconscious unity of result it must present. The thoughts may be scattered, but they must all have some relation to an unseen centre.

We have in this volume an example of the narrative or historical essay. Macaulay himself describes for us the way in which he thinks that this form of essay differs from history proper. He writes to Napier, who had accused him of using too familiar a style:—"I did

not mean my article to be uniformly serious and earnest. . . . I conceive that this sort of composition has its own character and its own laws. I do not claim the honor of having invented it, that praise belongs to Southey; but I may say that I have in some points improved upon his design. The manner of these little historical essays bears, I think, the same analogy to the manner of Tacitus or Gibbon, which the manner of Ariosto bears to the manner of Tasso. . . . Ariosto, when he is grave and pathetic, is as grave and pathetic as Tasso; but he often takes a light, fleeting tone, which suits him admirably, but which in Tasso would be quite out of place. . . . So with these historical articles. When the subject requires it they may rise, if the author can manage it, to the highest altitudes of Thucydides. Then, again, they may without impropriety sink to the levity and colloquial ease of Horace Walpole's letters. This is my theory."

The historical essay must, then, be flexible, and may be light in tone. It should, we may add, be constructed in some respects like a story. Serious history can receive in detail, but hardly as a whole, dramatic elements; but such elements should control the treatment of the short historical essay. It must be, not a fragment chopped out of a larger history, but an organic whole. The action should clearly sweep onward to a crisis, and there should be a centre of interest. This centre may be either a general theme or an individual man. If a theme, the interest will be wider; if a man, more intense. In the case of the essay on Lord Clive, the two co-exist, and are most happily united.

LORD CLIVE.¹

WE have always thought it strange that, while the history of the Spanish empire in America is familiarly known to all the nations of Europe, the great actions of our countrymen in the East should, even among ourselves, excite little interest. Every schoolboy knows 5 who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa. But we doubt whether one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxar, who perpetrated the massacre of Patna, whether Surajah Dowlah ruled in Oude 10 or in Travancore, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman. Yet the victories of Cortes were gained over savages who had no letters; who were ignorant of the use of metals; who had not broken in a single animal to labor; who wielded no better weapons than those 15 which could be made out of sticks, flints, and fish-bones; who regarded a horse-soldier as a monster, half man and half beast; who took a harquebusier for a sorcerer, able to scatter the thunder and lightning of the skies. The people of India, when we subdued them, were ten times

¹ "The Life of Robert Lord Clive; collected from the Family Papers communicated by the Earl of Powis." By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN MALCOLM, K.C.B. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1836.

as numerous as the Americans whom the Spaniards vanquished, and were at the same time quite as highly civilized as the victorious Spaniards. They had reared cities larger and fairer than Saragossa or Toledo, and
5 buildings more beautiful and costly than the cathedral of Seville. They could show bankers richer than the richest firms of Barcelona or Cadiz, viceroys whose splendor far surpassed that of Ferdinand the Catholic, myriads of cavalry and long trains of artillery which
10 would have astonished the Great Captain. It might have been expected, that every Englishman who takes any interest in any part of history would be curious to know how a handful of his countrymen, separated from their home by an immense ocean, subjugated in the
15 course of a few years one of the greatest empires in the world. Yet, unless we greatly err, this subject is, to most readers, not only insipid but positively distasteful.

Perhaps the fault lies partly with the historians. Mr. Mill's book, though it has undoubtedly great and rare
20 merit, is not sufficiently animated and picturesque to attract those who read for amusement. Orme, inferior to no English historian in style and power of painting, is minute even to tediousness. In one volume he allots, on an average, a closely printed quarto page to the
25 events of every forty-eight hours. The consequence is, that his narrative, though one of the most authentic and one of the most finely written in our language, has never been very popular, and is now scarcely ever read.

We fear that the volumes before us will not much attract those readers whom Orme and Mill have repelled.

The materials placed at the disposal of Sir John Malcolm by the late Lord Powis were indeed of great value. But we cannot say that they have been very skilfully worked up. It would, however, be unjust to criticise with severity a work which, if the author had lived to complete and revise it, would probably have been improved by condensation and by a better arrangement. We are more disposed to perform the pleasing duty of expressing our gratitude to the noble family to which the public owes so much useful and curious information. 5 10

The effect of the book, even when we make the largest allowance for the partiality of those who have furnished and of those who have digested the materials, is, on the whole, greatly to raise the character of Lord Clive. We are far indeed from sympathizing with Sir John Malcolm, whose love passes the love of biographers, and who can see nothing but wisdom and justice in the actions of his idol. But we are at least equally far from concurring in the severe judgment of Mr. Mill, who seems to us to show less discrimination in his account of Clive than in any other part of his valuable work. Clive, like most men who are born with strong passions, and tried by strong temptations, committed great faults. But every person who takes a fair and enlightened view of his whole career must admit that our island, so fertile in heroes and statesmen, has scarcely ever produced a man more truly great either in arms or in council. 15 20 25

The Clives had been settled, ever since the twelfth century, on an estate of no great value, near Market-Drayton, in Shropshire. In the reign of George the

First, this moderate but ancient inheritance was possessed by Mr. Richard Clive, who seems to have been a plain man of no great tact or capacity. He had been bred to the law, and divided his time between professional business and the avocations of a small proprietor. He married a lady from Manchester, of the name of Gaskill, and became the father of a very numerous family. His eldest son, Robert, the founder of the British empire in India, was born at the old seat of his ancestors on the twenty-ninth of September, 1725.

Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year; and from these letters it appears that, even at this early age, his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighborhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their

windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself everywhere the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure 5 in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange, therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he 10 was in his eighteenth year, a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras.

Far different were the prospects of Clive from those of the youths whom the East India College now annually 15 sends to the Presidencies of our Asiatic empire. The Company was then purely a trading corporation. Its territory consisted of a few square miles, for which rent was paid to the native governments. Its troops were scarcely numerous enough to man the batteries of three 20 or four ill-constructed forts, which had been erected for the protection of the warehouses. The natives, who composed a considerable part of these little garrisons, had not yet been trained in the discipline of Europe, and were armed, some with swords and shields, some 25 with bows and arrows. The business of the servant of the Company was not, as now, to conduct the judicial, financial, and diplomatic business of a great country; but to take stock, to make advances to weavers, to ship cargoes, and above all to keep an eye on private traders

who dared to infringe the monopoly. The younger clerks were so miserably paid that they could scarcely subsist without incurring debt; the elder enriched themselves by trading on their own account; and those who
5 lived to rise to the top of the service often accumulated considerable fortunes.

Madras, to which Clive had been appointed, was, at this time, perhaps, the first in importance of the Company's settlements. In the preceding century, Fort St.
10 George had arisen on a barren spot beaten by a raging surf; and in the neighborhood a town, inhabited by many thousand of natives, had sprung up, as towns spring up in the East, with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd. There were already in the suburbs many white
15 villas, each surrounded by its garden, whither the wealthy agents of the Company retired, after the labors of the desk and the warehouse, to enjoy the cool breeze which springs up at sunset from the Bay of Bengal. The habits of these mercantile grandees appear
20 to have been more profuse, luxurious, and ostentatious, than those of the high judicial and political functionaries who have succeeded them. But comfort was far less understood. Many devices which now mitigate the heat of the climate, preserve health, and prolong life, were
25 unknown. There was far less intercourse with Europe than at present. The voyage by the Cape, which in our time has often been performed within three months, was then very seldom accomplished in six, and was sometimes protracted to more than a year. Consequently, the Anglo-Indian was then much more estranged from

his country, much more addicted to Oriental usages, and much less fitted to mix in society after his return to Europe, than the Anglo-Indian of the present day.

Within the fort and its precinct, the English exercised, by permission of the native government, an extensive authority, such as every great Indian landowner exercised within his own domain. But they had never dreamed of claiming independent power. The surrounding country was ruled by the Nabob of the Carnatic, a deputy of the Viceroy of the Deccan, commonly called the Nizam, who was himself only a deputy of the mighty prince designated by our ancestors as the Great Mogul. Those names, once so august and formidable, still remain. There is still a Nabob of the Carnatic, who lives on a pension allowed to him by the English out of the revenues of the province which his ancestors ruled. There is still a Nizam, whose capital is overawed by a British cantonment, and to whom a British resident gives, under the name of advice, commands which are not to be disputed. There is still a Mogul, who is permitted to play at holding courts and receiving petitions, but who has less power to help or hurt than the youngest civil servant of the Company.

Clive's voyage was unusually tedious even for that age. The ship remained some months at the Brazils, where the young adventurer picked up some knowledge of Portuguese, and spent all his pocket-money. He did not arrive in India till more than a year after he had left England. His situation at Madras was most painful.

His funds were exhausted. His pay was small. He had contracted debts. He was wretchedly lodged, no small calamity in a climate which can be made tolerable to an European only by spacious and well-placed apartments.

5 He had been furnished with letters of recommendation to a gentleman who might have assisted him; but when he landed at Fort St. George he found that this gentleman had sailed for England. The lad's shy and haughty disposition withheld him from introducing himself to

10 strangers. He was several months in India before he became acquainted with a single family. The climate affected his health and spirits. His duties were of a kind ill suited to his ardent and daring character. He pined for his home, and in his letters to his relations

15 expressed his feelings in language softer and more pensive than we should have expected either from the backwardness of his boyhood, or from the inflexible sternness of his later years. "I have not enjoyed," says he, "one happy day since I left my native country;" and again,

20 "I must confess, at intervals, when I think of my dear native England, it affects me in a very particular manner. . . . If I should be so far blest as to revisit again my own country, but more especially Manchester, the centre of all my wishes, all that I could hope or desire for

25 would be presented before me in one view."

One solace he found of the most respectable kind. The Governor possessed a good library, and permitted Clive to have access to it. The young man devoted much of his leisure to reading, and acquired at this time almost all the knowledge of books that he ever possessed.

As a boy he had been too idle, as a man he soon became too busy, for literary pursuits.

But neither climate nor poverty, neither study nor the sorrows of a home-sick exile, could tame the desperate audacity of his spirit. He behaved to his official superiors as he had behaved to his schoolmasters, and was several times in danger of losing his situation. Twice, while residing in the Writers' Buildings, he attempted to destroy himself; and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off. This circumstance, it is said, affected him as a similar escape affected Wallenstein. After satisfying himself that the pistol was really well loaded, he burst forth into an exclamation that surely he was reserved for something great.

About this time an event which at first seemed likely to destroy all his hopes in life suddenly opened before him a new path to eminence. Europe had been, during some years, distracted by the war of the Austrian succession. George the Second was the steady ally of Maria Theresa. The house of Bourbon took the opposite side. Though England was even then the first of maritime powers, she was not, as she has since become, more than a match on the sea for all the nations of the world together; and she found it difficult to maintain a contest against the united navies of France and Spain. In the eastern seas France obtained the ascendancy. Labourdonnais, Governor of Mauritius, a man of eminent talents and virtues, conducted an expedition to the continent of India in spite of the opposition of the British fleet, landed, assembled an army, appeared before Madras, and

compelled the town and fort to capitulate. The keys were delivered up; the French colors were displayed on Fort St. George; and the contents of the Company's warehouses were seized as prize of war by the conquerors. It was stipulated by the capitulation that the English inhabitants should be prisoners of war on parole, and that the town should remain in the hands of the French till it should be ransomed. Labourdonnais pledged his honor that only a moderate ransom should be required.

But the success of Labourdonnais had awakened the jealousy of his countryman, Dupleix, Governor of Pondicherry. Dupleix, moreover, had already begun to revolve gigantic schemes, with which the restoration of Madras to the English was by no means compatible. He declared that Labourdonnais had gone beyond his powers; that conquests made by the French arms on the continent of India were at the disposal of the Governor of Pondicherry alone; and that Madras should be razed to the ground. Labourdonnais was compelled to yield. The anger which the breach of the capitulation excited among the English was increased by the ungenerous manner in which Dupleix treated the principal servants of the Company. The Governor and several of the first gentlemen of Fort St. George were carried under a guard to Pondicherry, and conducted through the town in a triumphal procession, under the eyes of fifty thousand spectators. It was with reason thought that this gross violation of public faith absolved the inhabitants of Madras from the engagements into which they had

entered with Labourdonnais. Clive fled from the town by night in the disguise of a Mussulman, and took refuge at Fort St. David, one of the small English settlements subordinate to Madras.

The circumstances in which he was now placed naturally led him to adopt a profession better suited to his restless and intrepid spirit than the business of examining packages and casting accounts. He solicited and obtained an ensign's commission in the service of the Company, and at twenty-one entered on his military career. His personal courage, of which he had, while still a writer, given signal proof by a desperate duel with a military bully who was the terror of Fort St. David, speedily made him conspicuous even among hundreds of brave men. He soon began to show in his new calling other qualities which had not before been discerned in him: judgment, sagacity, deference to legitimate authority. He distinguished himself highly in several operations against the French, and was particularly noticed by Major Lawrence, who was then considered as the ablest British officer in India.

Clive had been only a few months in the army when intelligence arrived that peace had been concluded between Great Britain and France. Dupleix was in consequence compelled to restore Madras to the English Company; and the young ensign was at liberty to resume his former business. He did indeed return for a short time to his desk. He again quitted it in order to assist Major Lawrence in some petty hostilities with the natives, and then again returned to it. While he was

thus wavering between a military and a commercial life, events took place which decided his choice. The politics of India assumed a new aspect. There was peace between the English and French crowns; but there arose
5 between the English and French companies trading to the East a war most eventful and important, — a war in which the prize was nothing less than the magnificent inheritance of the house of Tamerlane.

The empire which Baber and his Moguls reared in the
10 sixteenth century was long one of the most extensive and splendid in the world. In no European kingdom was so large a population subject to a single prince, or so large a revenue poured into the treasury. The beauty and magnificence of the buildings erected by the sover-
15 eigns of Hindoostan amazed even travellers who had seen St. Peter's. The innumerable retinues and gorgeous decorations which surrounded the throne of Delhi dazzled even eyes which were accustomed to the pomp of Versailles. Some of the great viceroys, who held
20 their posts by virtue of commissions from the Mogul, ruled as many subjects as the King of France or the Emperor of Germany. Even the deputies of these deputies might well rank, as to extent of territory and amount of revenue, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or
25 the Elector of Saxony.

There can be little doubt that this great empire, powerful and prosperous as it appears on a superficial view, was yet, even in its best days, far worse governed than the worst governed parts of Europe now are. The administration was tainted with all the vices of Oriental

despotism, and with all the vices inseparable from the domination of race over race. The conflicting pretensions of the princes of the royal house produced a long series of crimes and public disasters. Ambitious lieutenants of the sovereign sometimes aspired to independence. 5 Fierce tribes of Hindoos, impatient of a foreign yoke, frequently withheld tribute, repelled the armies of the government from the mountain fastnesses, and poured down in arms on the cultivated plains. In spite, however, of much constant maladministration, in spite of 10 occasional convulsions which shook the whole frame of society, this great monarchy, on the whole, retained, during some generations, an outward appearance of unity, majesty, and energy. But, throughout the long reign of Aurungzebe, the state, notwithstanding all that 15 the vigor and policy of the prince could effect, was hastening to dissolution. After his death, which took place in the year 1707, the ruin was fearfully rapid. Violent shocks from without co-operated with an incurable decay which was fast proceeding within; and in a 20 few years the empire had undergone utter decomposition.

The history of the successors of Theodosius bears no small analogy to that of the successors of Aurungzebe. But perhaps the fall of the Carovingians furnishes the 25 nearest parallel to the fall of the Moguls. Charlemagne was scarcely interred when the imbecility and the disputes of his descendants began to bring contempt on themselves and destruction on their subjects. The wide dominion of the Franks was severed into a thousand

pieces. Nothing more than a nominal dignity was left to the abject heirs of an illustrious name, Charles the Bald, and Charles the Fat, and Charles the Simple. Fierce invaders, differing from each other in race, language, and religion, flocked, as if by concert, from the farthest corners of the earth, to plunder provinces which the government could no longer defend. The pirates of the Northern Sea extended their ravages from the Elbe to the Pyrenees, and at length fixed their seat in the rich valley of the Seine. The Hungarian, in whom the trembling monks fancied that they recognized the Gog or Magog of prophecy, carried back the plunder of the cities of Lombardy to the depths of the Pannonian forests. The Saracen ruled in Sicily, desolated the fertile plains of Campania, and spread terror even to the walls of Rome. In the midst of these sufferings, a great internal change passed upon the empire. The corruption of death began to ferment into new forms of life. While the great body, as a whole, was torpid and passive, every separate member began to feel with a sense, and to move with an energy all its own. Just here, in the most barren and dreary tract of European history, all feudal privileges, all modern nobility, take their source. It is to this point that we trace the power of those princes who, nominally vassals, but really independent, long governed, with the titles of dukes, marquesses, and counts, almost every part of the dominions which had obeyed Charlemagne.

Such or nearly such was the change which passed on the Mogul empire during the forty years which followed

the death of Aurungzebe. A succession of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded palaces, chewing bang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A succession of ferocious invaders descended through the western passes, to prey on the defenceless wealth of Hindoostan. A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier: the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skilful hands of Europe; and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, and is now destined to adorn the hideous idol of Orissa. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpootana threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilcund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread dismay along the Jumna. The highlands which border on the western sea-coast of India poured forth a yet more formidable race, — a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, yielded only to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from their mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mahrattas. Many fertile vice-royalties were entirely

subdued by them. Their dominions stretched across the peninsula from sea to sea. Mahratta captains reigned at Poonah, at Gualior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore. Nor did they, though they had become
5 great sovereigns, therefore cease to be freebooters. They still retained the predatory habits of their forefathers. Every region which was not subject to their rule was wasted by their incursions. Wherever their kettle-drums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of
10 rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighborhood of the hyena and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. Even the wretched
15 phantom who still bore the imperial title stooped to pay this ignominious black-mail. The camp-fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the palace of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the rice-fields of
20 Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago, it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horse-men of Berar; and the name of the Mahratta ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.

25 Wherever the viceroys of the Mogul retained authority they became sovereigns. They might still acknowledge in words the superiority of the house of Tamerlane; as a Count of Flanders or a Duke of Burgundy might have acknowledged the superiority of the most helpless driver among the later Carlovingsians. They might occa-

sionally send to their titular sovereign a complimentary present, or solicit from him a title of honor. In truth, however, they were no longer lieutenants removable at pleasure, but independent hereditary princes. In this way originated those great Mussulman houses which formerly ruled Bengal and the Carnatic, and those which still, though in a state of vassalage, exercise some of the powers of royalty at Lucknow and Hyderabad. 5

In what was this confusion to end? Was the strife to continue during centuries? Was it to terminate in the rise of another great monarchy? Was the Mussulman or the Mahratta to be the Lord of India? Was another Baber to descend from the mountains, and to lead the hardy tribes of Cabul and Chorasán against a wealthier and less warlike race? None of these events seemed improbable. But scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible that a trading company, separated from India by fifteen thousand miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas; would compel Mahratta and Mahomedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having united under its laws a hundred millions of subjects, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Burrampooter, and far to the west of the Hydaspes, dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassal on the throne of Candahar. 25

The man who first saw that it was possible to found a European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme, at a time when the ablest
5 servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India
10 could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline, and guided by the tactics, of the West. He saw also that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies, such as Saxe or Frederic would be proud to
15 command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which an European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern the motions, and to speak through the mouth of some glittering puppet dignified by the title of Nabob or Nizam.
20 The arts both of war and policy, which a few years later were employed with such signal success by the English, were first understood and practised by this ingenious and aspiring Frenchman.

The situation of India was such that scarcely any
25 aggression could be without a pretext, either in old laws or in recent practice. All rights were in a state of utter uncertainty; and the Europeans who took part in the disputes of the natives confounded the confusion, by applying to Asiatic politics the public law of the West, and analogies drawn from the feudal system. If it was

convenient to treat a Nabob as an independent prince, there was an excellent plea for doing so. He was independent in fact. If it was convenient to treat him as a mere deputy of the Court of Delhi, there was no difficulty; for he was so in theory. If it was convenient to consider his office as an hereditary dignity, or as a dignity held during life only, or as a dignity held only during the good pleasure of the Mogul, arguments and precedents might be found for every one of those views. The party who had the heir of Baber in their hands represented him as the undoubted, the legitimate, the absolute sovereign, whom all subordinate authorities were bound to obey. The party against whom his name was used did not want plausible pretexts for maintaining that the empire was in fact dissolved; and that, though it might be decent to treat the Mogul with respect, as a venerable relic of an order of things which had passed away, it was absurd to regard him as the real master of Hindoostan.

In the year 1748, died one of the most powerful of the new masters of India, the great Nizam al Mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan. His authority descended to his son, Nazir Jung. Of the provinces subject to this high functionary, the Carnatic was the wealthiest and the most extensive. It was governed by an ancient Nabob, whose name the English corrupted into Anaverdy Khan.

But there were pretenders to the government both of the vice-royalty and of the subordinate province. Mirzapha Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, appeared as the competitor of Nazir Jung. Chunda Sahib, son-in-law

of a former nabob of the Carnatic, disputed the title of Anaverdy Khan. In the unsettled state of Indian law it was easy for both Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Sahib to make out something like a claim of right. In a
5 society altogether disorganized, they had no difficulty in finding greedy adventurers to follow their standards. They united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied for assistance to the French, whose fame had been raised by their success against the English in the
10 recent war on the coast of Coromandel.

Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the subtle and ambitious Dupleix. To make a Nabob of the Carnatic, to make a Viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of southern India; this was
15 indeed an attractive prospect. He allied himself with the pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoy, disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates. A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves
20 greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated and slain. His son, Mahommed Ali, who was afterwards well known in England as the Nabob of Arcot, and who owes to the eloquence of Burke a most unenviable immortality, fled with a scanty remnant of his army to Trichinopoly; and
25 the conquerors became at once masters of almost every part of the Carnatic.

This was but the beginning of the greatness of Dupleix. After some months of fighting, negotiation, and intrigue, his ability and good fortune seemed to have prevailed everywhere. Nazir Jung perished by the hands of his

own followers; Mirzapha Jung was master of the Deccan; and the triumph of French arms and French policy was complete. At Pondicherry all was exultation and festivity. Salutes were fired from the batteries, and *Te Deum* sung in the churches. The new Nizam came 5 thither to visit his allies; and the ceremony of his installation was performed there with great pomp. Dupleix, dressed in the garb worn by Mahommedans of the highest rank, entered the town in the same palanquin with the Nizam, and, in the pageant which followed, 10 took precedence of all the court. He was declared Governor of India from the river Kristna to Cape Comorin, a country about as large as France, with authority superior even to that of Chunda Sahib. He was intrusted with the command of seven thousand cavalry. It 15 was announced that no mint would be suffered to exist in the Carnatic except that at Pondicherry. A large portion of the treasures which former viceroys of the Deccan had accumulated found its way into the coffers of the French governor. It was rumored that he had 20 received two hundred thousand pounds sterling in money, besides many valuable jewels. In fact, there could scarcely be any limit to his gains. He now ruled thirty millions of people with almost absolute power. No honor or emolument could be obtained from the govern- 25 ment but by his intervention. No petition, unless signed by him, was perused by the Nizam.

Mirzapha Jung survived his elevation only a few months. But another prince of the same house was raised to the throne by French influence, and ratified all

the promises of his predecessor. Dupleix was now the greatest potentate in India. His countrymen boasted that his name was mentioned with awe even in the chambers of the palace of Delhi. The native population
5 looked with amazement on the progress which, in the short space of four years, an European adventurer had made towards dominion in Asia. Nor was the vain-glorious Frenchman content with the reality of power. He loved to display his greatness with arrogant ostenta-
10 tion before the eyes of his subjects and of his rivals. Near the spot where his policy had obtained its chief triumph, by the fall of Nazir Jung and the elevation of Mirzapha, he determined to erect a column, on the four sides of which four pompous inscriptions, in four lan-
15 guages, should proclaim his glory to all the nations of the East. Medals stamped with emblems of his successes were buried beneath the foundations of this stately pillar, and round it arose a town bearing the haughty name of Dupleix Fatihabad, which is, being interpreted,
20 the City of the Victory of Dupleix.

The English had made some feeble and irresolute attempts to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the rival Company, and continued to recognize Mahommed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Mahommed
25 Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone; and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chunda Sahib and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England; and not a single officer of established character remained

in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and to rule them. They had seen the French colors flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets 5 of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress had served only to expose their own weakness and to heighten his glory. At this moment, the valor and 10 genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

Clive was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial 15 life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, 20 and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favorite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege 25 of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of

Clive's plan, and intrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoy, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight
5 officers who commanded this little force under him, only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and
10 rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He in-
15 stantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large re-enforcements from the neighborhood to a force of
20 three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

25 The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strength-

ened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important re-enforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib. 5

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoy. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five and twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper. 10 15

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability, which would have done honor to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, color, language, manners and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is 20 25

related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoy came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required
5 more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

10 An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed
15 Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had, hitherto, remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before
20 believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them, since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered
25 large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think

twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahommedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein, the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his latest prayer; how the assassins carried his head in triumph; how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff; and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslem of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation, that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal; and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design,

had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose fore-
5 heads were armed with iron plates.. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls, than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had
10 urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where
15 the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a
20 constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six
25 men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St. George with trans-

ports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers, and seven hundred sepoy's were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened, by forced marches, to attack Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp; but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoy's, who had served in the enemy's army, came over to Clive's quarters, and were taken into the British service. Conjeveram surrendered without a blow. The governor of Arnee deserted Chunda Sahib, and recognized the title of Mahommed Ali.

Had the entire direction of the war been intrusted to Clive, it would probably have been brought to a speedy close. But the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except where he was personally present, protracted the struggle. The Mahrattas muttered that his soldiers were of a different race from the British whom they found elsewhere. The effect of this languor was, that in no long time Rajah Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St. George, and laid waste the villas and gardens of the gentlemen of the English settlement. But he was again encountered and defeated by Clive. More than a hundred of the French were killed or taken,

a loss more serious than that of thousands of natives. The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David. On the road lay the City of the Victory of Duplex, and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumphs of France in the East. Clive ordered both the city and the monument to be razed to the ground. He was induced, we believe, to take this step, not by personal or national malevolence, but by a just and profound policy. The town, and its pompous name, the pillar and its vaunting inscriptions, were among the devices by which Duplex had laid the public mind of India under a spell. This spell it was Clive's business to break. The natives had been taught that France was confessedly the first power in Europe, and that the English did not presume to dispute her supremacy. No measure could be more effectual for the removing of this delusion, than the public and solemn demolition of the French trophies.

The government of Madras, encouraged by these events, determined to send a strong detachment, under Clive, to re-enforce the garrison of Trichinopoly. But just at this conjuncture, Major Lawrence arrived from England, and assumed the chief command. From the waywardness and impatience of control which had characterized Clive, both at school and in the counting-house, it might have been expected that he would not, after such achievements, act with zeal and good humor in a subordinate capacity. But Lawrence had early treated him with kindness; and it is bare justice to Clive to say that, proud and overbearing as he was, kindness was never

thrown away upon him. He cheerfully placed himself under the orders of his old friend, and exerted himself as strenuously in the second post as he could have done in the first. Lawrence well knew the value of such assistance. Though himself gifted with no intellectual faculty 5 higher than plain good sense, he fully appreciated the powers of his brilliant coadjutor. Though he had made a methodical study of military tactics, and, like all men regularly bred to a profession, was disposed to look with disdain on interlopers, he had yet liberality enough to 10 acknowledge that Clive was an exception to common rules. "Some people," he wrote, "are pleased to term Captain Clive fortunate and lucky; but, in my opinion, from the knowledge I have of the gentleman, he deserved and might expect from his conduct everything as it fell 15 out: a man of an undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger; born a soldier, for, without a military education of any sort, or much conversing with any of the profession, from his judgment and good sense, 20 —he led on an army like an experienced officer and a brave soldier, with a prudence that certainly warranted success."

The French had no commander to oppose to the two friends. Dupleix, not inferior in talents for negotiation 25 and intrigue to any European who has borne a part in the revolutions of India, was ill qualified to direct in person military operations. He had not been bred a soldier, and had no inclination to become one. His enemies accused him of personal cowardice; and he defended

himself in a strain worthy of Captain Bobadil. He kept away from shot, he said, because silence and tranquillity were propitious to his genius, and he found it difficult to pursue his meditations amidst the noise of fire-arms.

5 He was thus under the necessity of intrusting to others the execution of his great warlike designs; and he bitterly complained that he was ill served. He had indeed been assisted by one officer of eminent merit, the celebrated Bussy. But Bussy had marched northward

10 with the Nizam, and was fully employed in looking after his own interests, and those of France, at the court of that prince. Among the officers who remained with Dupleix, there was not a single man of capacity; and many of them were boys, at whose ignorance and folly

15 the common soldiers laughed.

The English triumphed everywhere. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged and compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and was put to death, at the instigation probably of his competitor, Mahommed Ali. The spirit of

20 Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They gave him no pecuniary assistance.

25 They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised, lavished his private fortune, strained his credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the government of Madras on every side, and found tools even among the allies of the English Company.

But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline.

The health of Clive had never been good during his residence in India; and his constitution was now so 5 much impaired that he determined to return to England. Before his departure he undertook a service of considerable difficulty, and performed it with his usual vigor and dexterity. The forts of Covelong and Chingleput were occupied by French garrisons. It was determined to 10 send a force against them. But the only force available for this purpose was of such a description that no officer but Clive would risk his reputation by commanding it. It consisted of five hundred newly levied sepoys, and two hundred recruits who had just landed from England, 15 and who were the worst and lowest wretches that the Company's crimps could pick up in the flash-houses of London. Clive, ill and exhausted as he was, undertook to make an army of this undisciplined rabble, and marched with them to Covelong. A shot from the fort 20 killed one of these extraordinary soldiers, on which all the rest faced about and ran away, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Clive rallied them. On another occasion, the noise of a gun terrified the sentinels so much that one of them was found, some hours later, at 25 the bottom of a well. Clive gradually accustomed them to danger, and, by exposing himself constantly in the most perilous situations, shamed them into courage. He at length succeeded in forming a respectable force out of his unpromising materials. Covelong fell. Clive

learned that a strong detachment was marching to relieve it from Chingleput. He took measures to prevent the enemy from learning that they were too late, laid an ambuscade for them on the road, killed a hundred of
5 them with one fire, took three hundred prisoners, pursued the fugitives to the gates of Chingleput, laid siege instantly to that fastness, reputed one of the strongest in India, made a breach, and was on the point of storming when the French commandant capitulated and re-
10 tired with his men.

Clive returned to Madras victorious, but in a state of health which rendered it impossible for him to remain there long. He married at this time a young lady of the name of Maskelyne, sister of the eminent mathematician, who long held the post of Astronomer Royal.
15 She is described as handsome and accomplished; and her husband's letters, it is said, contain proofs that he was devotedly attached to her.

Almost immediately after the marriage, Clive embarked with his bride for England. He returned a very
20 different person from the poor slighted boy who had been sent out ten years before to seek his fortune. He was only twenty-seven; yet his country already respected him as one of her first soldiers. There was then general
25 peace in Europe. The Carnatic was the only part of the world where the English and French were in arms against each other. The vast schemes of Dupleix had excited no small uneasiness in the city of London; and the rapid turn of fortune, which was chiefly owing to the courage and talents of Clive, had been hailed

with great delight. The young captain was known at the India House by the honorable nickname of General Clive, and was toasted by that appellation at the feasts of the Directors. On his arrival in England, he found himself an object of general interest and admiration. 5 The East India Company thanked him for his services in the warmest terms, and bestowed on him a sword set with diamonds. With rare delicacy, he refused to receive this token of gratitude, unless a similar compliment were paid to his friend and commander, Lawrence. 10

It may easily be supposed that Clive was most cordially welcomed home by his family, who were delighted by his success, though they seem to have been hardly able to comprehend how their naughty idle Bobby had become so great a man. His father had been singularly 15 hard of belief. Not until the news of the defence of Arcot arrived in England was the old gentleman heard to growl out that, after all, the booby had something in him. His expressions of approbation became stronger and stronger, as news arrived of one brilliant exploit 20 after another; and he was at length immoderately fond and proud of his son.

Clive's relations had very substantial reasons for rejoicing at his return. Considerable sums of prize money had fallen to his share; and he had brought home a 25 moderate fortune, part of which he expended in extricating his father from pecuniary difficulties, and in redeeming the family estate. The remainder he appears to have dissipated in the course of about two years. He lived splendidly, dressed gayly even for those times, kept

a carriage and saddle horses ; and, not content with these ways of getting rid of his money, resorted to the most speedy and effectual of all modes of evacuation, a contested election followed by a petition.

5 At the time of the general election of 1754, the government was in a very singular state. There was scarcely any formal opposition. The Jacobites had been cowed by the issue of the last rebellion. The Tory party had fallen into utter contempt. It had been de-
10 serted by all the men of talents who had belonged to it, and had scarcely given a symptom of life during some years. The small faction which had been held together by the influence and promises of Prince Frederic, had been dispersed by his death. Almost every public man
15 of distinguished talents in the kingdom, whatever his early connections might have been, was in office, and called himself a Whig. But this extraordinary appearance of concord was quite delusive. The administration itself was distracted by bitter enmities and conflicting
20 pretensions. The chief object of its members was to depress and supplant each other. The prime minister, Newcastle, weak, timid, jealous, and perfidious, was at once detested and despised by some of the most important members of his government, and by none more than
25 by Henry Fox, the Secretary at War. This able, daring, and ambitious man seized every opportunity of crossing the First Lord of the Treasury, from whom he well knew that he had little to dread and little to hope ; for Newcastle was, through life, equally afraid of breaking with men of parts and of promoting them.

Newcastle had set his heart on returning two members for St. Michael, one of those wretched Cornish boroughs which were swept away by the Reform Act in 1832. He was opposed by Lord Sandwich, whose influence had long been paramount there: and Fox exerted himself 5 strenuously in Sandwich's behalf. Clive, who had been introduced to Fox, and very kindly received by him, was brought forward on the Sandwich interest, and was returned. But a petition was presented, against the return, and was backed by the whole influence of the Duke of 10 Newcastle.

The case was heard, according to the usage of that time, before a committee of the whole House. Questions respecting elections were then considered merely as party questions. Judicial impartiality was not even 15 affected. Sir Robert Walpole was in the habit of saying openly, that, in election battles, there ought to be no quarter. On the present occasion the excitement was great. The matter really at issue, was, not whether Clive had been properly or improperly returned, but 20 whether Newcastle or Fox was to be master of the new House of Commons, and consequently first minister. The contest was long and obstinate, and success seemed to lean sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other. Fox put forth all his rare powers of debate, beat 25 half the lawyers in the House at their own weapons, and carried division after division against the whole influence of the Treasury. The committee decided in Clive's favor. But when the resolution was reported to the House, things took a different course. The remnant of

the Tory Opposition, contemptible as it was, had yet sufficient weight to turn the scale between the nicely balanced parties of Newcastle and Fox. Newcastle, the Tories could only despise. Fox, they hated, as the bold-
5 est and most subtle politician, and the ablest debater among the Whigs, as the steady friend of Walpole, as the devoted adherent of the Duke of Cumberland. After wavering till the last moment, they determined to vote in a body with the Prime Minister's friends. The con-
10 sequence was that the House, by a small majority, rescinded the decision of the committee, and Clive was unseated.

Ejected from Parliament, and straitened in his means, he naturally began to look again towards India. The
15 Company and the Government were eager to avail themselves of his services. A treaty favorable to England had indeed been concluded in the Carnatic. Dupleix had been superseded, and had returned with the wreck of his immense fortune to Europe, where calumny and
20 chicanery soon hunted him to his grave. But many signs indicated that a war between France and Great Britain was at hand; and it was therefore thought desirable to send an able commander to the Company's settlements in India. The Directors appointed Clive
25 governor of Fort St. David. The King gave him the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and in 1755 he again sailed for Asia.

The first service on which he was employed after his return to the East was the reduction of the stronghold of Gheriah. This fortress, built on a craggy promontory,

and almost surrounded by the ocean, was the den of a pirate named Angria, whose barks had long been the terror of the Arabian Gulf. Admiral Watson, who commanded the English squadron in the Eastern seas, burned Angria's fleet, while Clive attacked the fastness 5 by land. The place soon fell, and a booty of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling was divided among the conquerors.

After this exploit, Clive proceeded to his government of Fort St. David. Before he had been there two 10 months, he received intelligence which called forth all the energy of his bold and active mind.

Of the provinces which had been subject to the house of Tamerlane, the wealthiest was Bengal. No part of India possessed such natural advantages both for agricul- 15 ture and for commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mould which, even under the tropical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The ricefields yield an increase such as is elsewhere unknown. Spices, 20 sugar, vegetable oils, are produced with marvellous exuberance. The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the sea-coast, overgrown by noxious vegetation, and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts with abundance of 25 salt. The great stream which fertilizes the soil is, at the same time, the chief highway of Eastern commerce. On its banks, and on those of its tributary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India. The tyranny of man had

for ages struggled in vain against the overflowing bounty of nature. In spite of the Mussulman despot and of the Mahratta freebooter, Bengal was known through the East as the garden of Eden, as the rich kingdom. Its population multiplied exceedingly. Distant provinces were nourished from the overflowing of its granaries; and the noble ladies of London and Paris were clothed in the delicate produce of its looms. The race by whom this rich tract was peopled, enervated by a soft climate and accustomed to peaceful employments, bore the same relation to other Asiatics which the Asiatics generally bear to the bold and energetic children of Europe. The Castilians have a proverb, that in Valencia the earth is water and the men women; and the description is at least equally applicable to the vast plain of the Lower Ganges. Whatever the Bengalee does he does languidly. His favorite pursuits are sedentary. He shrinks from bodily exertion; and, though voluble in dispute, and singularly pertinacious in the war of chicane, he seldom engages in a personal conflict, and scarcely ever enlists as a soldier. We doubt whether there be a hundred genuine Bengalees in the whole army of the East India Company. There never, perhaps, existed a people so thoroughly fitted by nature and by habit for a foreign yoke.

The great commercial companies of Europe had long possessed factories in Bengal. The French were settled, as they still are, at Chandernagore on the Hoogley. Higher up the stream the Dutch traders held Chinsurah. Nearer to the sea, the English had built Fort William.

A church and ample warehouses rose in the vicinity. A row of spacious houses, belonging to the chief factors of the East India Company, lined the banks of the river; and in the neighborhood had sprung up a large and busy native town, where some Hindoo merchants of great opulence had fixed their abode. But the tract now covered by the palaces of Chowringhee contained only a few miserable huts thatched with straw. A jungle, abandoned to water-fowl and alligators, covered the site of the present Citadel, and the Course, which is now daily crowded at sunset with the gayest equipages of Calcutta. For the ground on which the settlement stood, the English, like other great landholders, paid rent to the government; and they were, like other great landholders, permitted to exercise a certain jurisdiction within their domain. 5 10 15

The great province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, whom the English called Aliverdy Khan, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. He died in 1756, and the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty years of age, who bore the name of Surajah Dowlah. Oriental despots are perhaps the worst class of human beings; and this unhappy boy was one of the worst specimens of his class. His understanding was naturally feeble, and his temper naturally unamiable. His education had been such as would have enervated even a vigorous intellect, and perverted even a generous disposition. He was unreasonable, because nobody ever dared to rea- 20

son with him; and selfish, because he had never been made to feel himself dependent on the good will of others. Early debauchery had unnerved his body and his mind. He indulged immoderately in the use of
5 ardent spirits, which inflamed his weak brain almost to madness. His chosen companions were flatterers sprung from the dregs of the people, and recommended by nothing but buffoonery and servility. It is said that he had arrived at that last stage of human depravity, when
10 cruelty becomes pleasing for its own sake, when the sight of pain as pain, where no advantage is to be gained, no offence punished, no danger averted, is an agreeable excitement. It had early been his amusement to torture beasts and birds; and, when he grew up, he
15 enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow-creatures.

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so, and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion
20 of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade,
25 of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native whom he longed to plunder had taken refuge at Calcutta,

and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. 5 Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military 10 commandant thought he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and 15 ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness talked about the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest. 20

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the 25 prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed.

It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one
5 hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon
10 discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated, but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

15 Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They
20 strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the jailers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if any-
25 body woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The jailers in

the mean time held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.

But these things which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till

at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince at Moorshedabad.

5 Surajah Dowlah, in the mean time, sent letters to his nominal sovereign at Delhi, describing the late conquest in the most pompous language. He placed a garrison in Fort William, forbade Englishmen to dwell in the neighborhood, and directed that, in memory of his great
10 actions, Calcutta should thenceforward be called Alinagore, that is to say, the Port of God.

In August, the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for ven-
15 geance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred
20 English infantry, fine troops and full of spirit, and fifteen hundred sepoy, composed the army which sailed to punish a Prince who had more subjects than Louis the Fifteenth or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way
25 against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December.

The Nabob was revelling in fancied security at Moorshedabad. He was so profoundly ignorant of the state of foreign countries, that he often used to say that there were not ten thousand men in all Europe; and it had

never occurred to him as possible that the English would dare to invade his dominions. But, though undisturbed by any fear of their military power, he began to miss them greatly. His revenues fell off; and his ministers succeeded in making him understand that a ruler may sometimes find it more profitable to protect traders in the open enjoyment of their gains than to put them to the torture for the purpose of discovering hidden chests of gold and jewels. He was already disposed to permit the Company to resume its mercantile operations in his country, when he received the news that an English armament was in the Hoogley. He instantly ordered all his troops to assemble at Moorshedabad, and marched towards Calcutta.

Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigor. He took Budgebudge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hoogley. The Nabob, already disposed to make some concessions to the English, was confirmed in his pacific disposition by these proofs of their power and spirit. He accordingly made overtures to the chiefs of the invading armament, and offered to restore the factory, and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled.

Clive's profession was war; and he felt that there was something discreditable in an accommodation with Surajah Dowlah. But his power was limited. A committee, chiefly composed of servants of the Company who had fled from Calcutta, had the principal direction of affairs; and these persons were eager to be restored to their posts and compensated for their losses. The govern-

ment of Madras, apprised that war had commenced in Europe, and apprehensive of an attack from the French, became impatient for the return of the armament. The promises of the Nabob were large, the chances of a contest doubtful; and Clive consented to treat, though he expressed his regret that things should not be concluded in so glorious a manner as he could have wished.

With this negotiation commences a new chapter in the life of Clive. Hitherto he had been merely a soldier carrying into effect, with eminent ability and valor, the plans of others. Henceforth he is to be chiefly regarded as a statesman; and his military movements are to be considered as subordinate to his political designs. That in his new capacity he displayed great ability, and obtained great success, is unquestionable. But it is also unquestionable that the transactions in which he now began to take a part, have left a stain on his moral character.

We can by no means agree with Sir John Malcolm, who is obstinately resolved to see nothing but honor and integrity in the conduct of his hero. But we can as little agree with Mr. Mill, who has gone so far as to say that Clive was a man "to whom deception, when it suited his purpose, never cost a pang." Clive seems to us to have been constitutionally the very opposite of a knave; bold even to temerity; sincere even to indiscretion; hearty in friendship; open in enmity. Neither in his private life, nor in those parts of his public life in which he had to do with his countrymen, do we find any signs of a propensity to cunning. On the contrary, in

all the disputes in which he was engaged as an Englishman against Englishmen, from his boxing-matches at school, to those stormy altercations at the India House and in Parliament, amidst which his latter years were passed, his very faults were those of a high and magnanimous spirit. The truth seems to have been that he considered Oriental politics as a game in which nothing was unfair. He knew that the standard of morality among the natives of India differed widely from that established in England. He knew that he had to deal with men destitute of what in Europe is called honor; with men who would give any promise without hesitation, and break any promise without shame; with men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, to compass their ends. His letters show that the great difference between Asiatic and European morality was constantly in his thoughts. He seems to have imagined, most erroneously, in our opinion, that he could effect nothing against such adversaries, if he was content to be bound by ties from which they were free; if he went on telling truth, and hearing none; if he fulfilled, to his own hurt, all his engagements with confederates, who never kept an engagement that was not to their advantage. Accordingly this man, in the other parts of his life, an honorable English gentleman and a soldier, was no sooner matched against an Indian intriguer, than he became himself an Indian intriguer, and descended, without scruple, to falsehood, to hypocritical caresses, to the substitution of documents, and to the counterfeiting of hands.

The negotiations between the English and the Nabob were carried on chiefly by two agents, Mr. Watts, a servant of the Company, and a Bengalee of the name of Omichund. This Omichund had been one of the wealthiest native merchants resident in Calcutta, and had sustained great losses in consequence of the Nabob's expedition against that place. In the course of his commercial transactions, he had seen much of the English, and was peculiarly qualified to serve as a medium of communication between them and a native court. He possessed great influence with his own race, and had in large measure the Hindoo talents, quick observation, tact, dexterity, perseverance; and the Hindoo vices, servility, greediness, and treachery.

The Nabob behaved with all the faithlessness of an Indian statesman, and with all the levity of a boy whose mind had been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence. He promised, retracted, hesitated, evaded. At one time he advanced with his army in a threatening manner towards Calcutta; but when he saw the resolute front which the English presented, he fell back in alarm, and consented to make peace with them on their own terms. The treaty was no sooner concluded than he formed new designs against them. He intrigued with the French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley, and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was well known to Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to strike a decisive blow, and to attack Chandernagore, before the force there could be strengthened by new

arrivals, either from the south of India or from Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the artillery, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the English. 5
Near five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

The Nabob had feared and hated the English, even while he was still able to oppose to them their French rivals. The French were now vanquished; and he began to regard the English with still greater fear and still greater hatred. His weak and unprincipled mind oscillated between servility and insolence. One day he sent a large sum to Calcutta, as part of the compensation due for the wrongs which he had committed. The next 15
day he sent a present of jewels to Bussy, exhorting that distinguished officer to hasten to protect Bengal "against Clive, the daring in war, on whom," says his Highness, "may all bad fortune attend." He ordered his army to march against the English. He countermanded his 20
orders. He tore Clive's letters. He then sent answers in the most florid language of compliment. He ordered Watts out of his presence, and threatened to impale him. He again sent for Watts, and begged pardon for the insult. In the mean time, his wretched maladministra- 25
tion, his folly, his dissolute manners, and his love of the lowest company, had disgusted all classes of his subjects, soldiers, traders, civil functionaries, the proud and ostentatious Mahommedans, the timid, supple, and parsimonious Hindoos. A formidable confederacy was formed

against him, in which were included Roydullub, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier, the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was confided to the English
5 agents, and a communication was opened between the malcontents at Moorshedabad and the committee at Calcutta.

In the committee there was much hesitation; but Clive's voice was given in favor of the conspirators, and
10 his vigor and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their powerful assistance to depose Surajah Dowlah, and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. In return, Meer Jaffier promised ample compensation to the Company and its
15 servants, and a liberal donative to the army, the navy, and the committee. The odious vices of Surajah Dowlah, the wrongs which the English had suffered at his hands, the dangers to which our trade must have been exposed had he continued to reign, appear to us fully to
20 justify the resolution of deposing him. But nothing can justify the dissimulation which Clive stooped to practise. He wrote to Surajah Dowlah in terms so affectionate that they for a time lulled that weak prince into perfect security. The same courier who carried this "soothing
25 letter," as Clive calls it, to the Nabob, carried to Mr. Watts a letter in the following terms: "Tell Meer Jaffier to fear nothing. I will join him with five thousand men who never turned their backs. Assure him I will march night and day to his assistance, and stand by him as long as I have a man left."

It was impossible that a plot which had so many ramifications should long remain entirely concealed. Enough reached the ears of the Nabob to arouse his suspicions. But he was soon quieted by the fictions and artifices which the inventive genius of Omichund produced with miraculous readiness. All was going well; the plot was nearly ripe; when Clive learned that Omichund was likely to play false. The artful Bengalee had been promised a liberal compensation for all that he had lost at Calcutta. But this would not satisfy him. His services had been great. He held the thread of the whole intrigue. By one word breathed in the ear of Surajah Dowlah, he could undo all that he had done. The lives of Watts, of Meer Jaffier, of all the conspirators, were at his mercy; and he determined to take advantage of his situation, and to make his own terms.

He demanded three hundred thousand pounds sterling as the price of his secrecy and of his assistance. The committee, incensed by the treachery and appalled by the danger, knew not what course to take. But Clive was more than Omichund's match in Omichund's own arts. The man, he said, was a villain. Any artifice which would defeat such knavery was justifiable. The best course would be to promise what was asked. Omichund would soon be at their mercy; and then they might punish him by withholding from him, not only the bribe which he now demanded, but also the compensation which all the other sufferers of Calcutta were to receive.

His advice was taken. But how was the wary and sagacious Hindoo to be deceived? He had demanded

that an article touching his claims should be inserted in the treaty between Meer Jaffier and the English, and he would not be satisfied unless he saw it with his own eyes. Clive had an expedient ready. Two treaties
5 were drawn up, one on white paper, the other on red; the former real, the latter fictitious. In the former Omichund's name was not mentioned; the latter, which was to be shown to him, contained a stipulation in his favor.

10 But another difficulty arose. Admiral Watson had scruples about signing the red treaty. Omichund's vigilance and acuteness were such that the absence of so important a name would probably awaken his suspicions. But Clive was not a man to do anything by halves. We
15 almost blush to write it. He forged Admiral Watson's name.

All was now ready for action. Mr. Watts fled secretly from Moorshedabad. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to the Nabob in a tone very different from
20 that of his previous letters. He set forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offered to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, and concluded by announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honor
25 of waiting on his Highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the con-

spirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar. The Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general. 5

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valor and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage 10 an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, 15 shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if 20 he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back 25 determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed; and, at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its

quarters in a grove of mango-trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep. He heard, through the whole night, the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not
5 strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by
10 wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of
15 those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke, — the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move
20 towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed
25 on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could

perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English, and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colors, amidst many honorable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

The battle commenced with a cannonade, in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valor. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to re-assemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp,

their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty
5 thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

Meer Jaffier had given no assistance to the English during the action. But, as soon as he saw that the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the
10 army, and, when the battle was over, sent his congratulations to his ally. The next morning he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. He gave evident signs of alarm when a guard was drawn out to receive him
15 with the honors due to his rank. But his apprehensions were speedily removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, listened graciously to his apologies, and advised him to march
20 without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his councillors round him.
25 The wisest advised him to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. But he attributed this suggestion to treachery. Others urged him to try the chance of war again. He approved the advice, and issued orders accordingly. But he wanted spirit to

adhere even during one day to a manly resolution. He learned that Meer Jaffier had arrived; and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and, accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna. 5

In a few days Clive arrived at Moorsheadabad, escorted by two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoys. For his residence had been assigned a palace, which was surrounded by a garden so spacious that all the troops who accompanied him could conveniently encamp within it. The ceremony of the installation of Meer Jaffier was instantly performed. Clive led the new Nabob to the seat of honor, placed him on it, presented to him, after the immemorial fashion of the East, an offering of gold, and then, turning to the natives who filled the hall, congratulated them on the good fortune which had freed them from a tyrant. He was compelled on this occasion to use the services of an interpreter; for it is remarkable that, long as he resided in India, intimately acquainted as he was with Indian politics and with the Indian character, and adored as he was by his Indian soldiery, he never learned to express himself with facility in any Indian language. He is said, indeed, to have been sometimes under the necessity of employing, in his intercourse with natives of India, the smattering of Portuguese which he had acquired, when a lad, in Brazil. 20

The new sovereign was now called upon to fulfil the engagements into which he had entered with his allies.

A conference was held at the house of Jugget Seit, the great banker, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements. Omichund came thither, fully believing himself to stand in high favor of Clive, who, with dis-
5 simulation surpassing even the dissimulation of Bengal, had up to that day treated him with undiminished kindness. The white treaty was produced and read. Clive then turned to Mr. Scrafton, one of the servants of the Company, and said in English, "It is now time to unde-
10 ceive Omichund." — "Omichund," said Mr. Scrafton in Hindoostanee, "the red treaty is a trick. You are to have nothing." Omichund fell back insensible into the arms of his attendants. He revived, but his mind was irreparably ruined. Clive, who, though little troubled
15 by scruples of conscience in his dealings with Indian politicians, was not inhuman, seems to have been touched. He saw Omichund a few days later, spoke to him kindly, advised him to make a pilgrimage to one of the great temples of India, in the hope that change of scene
20 might restore his health, and was even disposed, notwithstanding all that had passed, again to employ him in the public service. But from the moment of that sudden shock, the unhappy man sank gradually into idiocy. He, who had formerly been distinguished by
25 the strength of his understanding and the simplicity of his habits, now squandered the remains of his fortune on childish trinkets, and loved to exhibit himself dressed in rich garments and hung with precious stones. In this abject state he languished a few months, and then died.

We should not think it necessary to offer any remarks for the purpose of directing the judgment of our readers, with respect to this transaction, had not Sir John Malcolm undertaken to defend it in all its parts. He regrets, indeed, that it was necessary to employ means so liable to abuse as forgery; but he will not admit that any blame attaches to those who deceived the deceiver. He thinks that the English were not bound to keep faith with one who kept no faith with them, and that, if they had fulfilled their engagements with the wily Bengalee, so signal an example of successful treason would have produced a crowd of imitators. Now, we will not discuss this point on any rigid principles of morality. Indeed, it is quite unnecessary to do so; for, looking at the question as a question of expediency in the lowest sense of the word, and using no arguments but such as Machiavelli might have employed in his conferences with Borgia, we are convinced that Clive was altogether in the wrong, and that he committed, not merely a crime, but a blunder. That honesty is the best policy is a maxim which we firmly believe to be generally correct, even with respect to the temporal interest of individuals; but with respect to societies, the rule is subject to still fewer exceptions, and that for this reason, that the life of societies is longer than the life of individuals. It is possible to mention men who have owed great worldly prosperity to breaches of private faith; but we doubt whether it be possible to mention a state which has on the whole been a gainer by a breach of public faith. The entire history of British India is an illustration of

the great truth, that it is not prudent to oppose perfidy to perfidy, and that the most efficient weapon with which men can encounter falsehood is truth. During a long course of years, the English rulers of India, surrounded
5 by allies and enemies whom no engagement could bind, have generally acted with sincerity and uprightness; and the event has proved that sincerity and uprightness are wisdom. English valor and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our Oriental
10 empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us is as nothing, when compared with what we have
15 gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," of a British envoy. No fastness,
20 however strong by art or nature, gives to its inmates a security like that enjoyed by the chief who, passing through the territories of powerful and deadly enemies, is armed with the British guarantee. The mightiest princes of the East can scarcely, by the offer of enormous usury, draw forth any portion of the wealth which
25 is concealed under the hearths of their subjects. The British Government offers little more than four per cent.; and avarice hastens to bring forth tens of millions of rupees from its most secret repositories. A hostile monarch may promise mountains of gold to our sepoy, on condition that they will desert the standard of the

Company. The Company promises only a moderate pension after a long service. But every sepoy knows that the promise of the Company will be kept: he knows that if he lives a hundred years his rice and salt are as secure as the salary of the Governor-General; and he knows that there is not another state in India which would not, in spite of the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he had ceased to be useful. The greatest advantage which a government can possess is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust. This advantage we enjoy in Asia. Had we acted during the last two generations on the principles which Sir John Malcolm appears to have considered as sound; had we, as often as we had to deal with people like Omichund, retaliated by lying and forging, and breaking faith, after their fashion,—it is our firm belief that no courage or capacity could have upheld our empire.

Sir John Malcolm admits that Clive's breach of faith could be justified only by the strongest necessity. As we think that breach of faith not only unnecessary, but most inexpedient, we need hardly say that we altogether condemn it.

Omichund was not the only victim of the revolution. Surajah Dowlah was taken a few days after his flight, and was brought before Meer Jaffier. There he flung himself on the ground in convulsions of fear, and with tears and loud cries implored the mercy which he had never shown. Meer Jaffier hesitated; but his son Meeran, a youth of seventeen, who in feebleness of

brain, and savageness of nature, greatly resembled the wretched captive, was implacable. Surajah Dowlah was led into a secret chamber, to which, in a short time, the ministers of death were sent. In this act the English bore no part; and Meer Jaffier understood so much of their feelings, that he thought it necessary to apologize to them for having avenged them on their most malignant enemy.

The shower of wealth now fell copiously on the Company and its servants. A sum of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, in coined silver, was sent down the river from Moorshedabad to Fort William. The fleet which conveyed this treasure, consisted of more than a hundred boats, and performed its triumphal voyage with flags flying and music playing. Calcutta, which a few months before had been desolate, was now more prosperous than ever. Trade revived; and the signs of affluence appeared in every English house. As to Clive, there was no limit to his acquisitions but his own moderation. The treasury of Bengal was thrown open to him. There were piled up, after the usage of Indian princes, immense masses of coin, among which might not seldom be detected the florins and byzants with which, before any European ship had turned the Cape of Good Hope, the Venetians purchased the stuffs and spices of the East. Clive walked between heaps of gold and silver, crowned with rubies and diamonds, and was at liberty to help himself. He accepted between two and three hundred thousand pounds.

The pecuniary transactions between Meer Jaffier and

Clive, were, sixteen years later, condemned by the public voice, and severely criticised in Parliament. They are vehemently defended by Sir John Malcolm. The accusers of the victorious general represented his gains as the wages of corruption, or as plunder extorted at the point of the sword from a helpless ally. The biographer, on the other hand, considers these great acquisitions as free gifts, honorable alike to the donor and to the receiver, and compares them to the rewards bestowed by foreign powers on Marlborough, on Nelson, and on Wellington. It had always, he says, been customary in the East, to give and receive presents; and there was, as yet, no Act of Parliament positively prohibiting English functionaries in India from profiting by this Asiatic usage. This reasoning, we own, does not quite satisfy us. We do not suspect Clive of selling the interests of his employers or his country; but we cannot acquit him of having done what, if not in itself evil, was yet of evil example. Nothing is more clear than that a general ought to be the servant of his own government, and of no other. It follows that whatever rewards he receives for his services ought to be given either by his own government, or with the full knowledge and approbation of his own government. This rule ought to be strictly maintained, even with respect to the merest bawble, with respect to a cross, a medal, or a yard of colored ribbon. But how can any government be well served, if those who command its forces are at liberty, without its permission, without its privity, to accept princely fortunes from its allies? It is idle to say that there was then no Act of

Parliament prohibiting the practice of taking presents from Asiatic sovereigns. It is not on the Act which was passed at a later period for the purpose of preventing any such taking of presents, but on grounds which
5 were valid before that Act was passed, on grounds of common law and common sense, that we arraign the conduct of Clive. There is no act that we know of, prohibiting the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from being in the pay of continental powers. But it is not
10 the less true, that a Secretary who should receive a secret pension from France, would grossly violate his duty, and would deserve severe punishment. Sir John Malcolm compares the conduct of Clive with that of the Duke of Wellington. Suppose, — and we beg pardon
15 for putting such a supposition even for the sake of argument, — that the Duke of Wellington had, after the campaign of 1815, and while he commanded the army of occupation in France, privately accepted two hundred thousand pounds from Louis the Eighteenth, as a mark
20 of gratitude for the great services which his Grace had rendered to the House of Bourbon; what would be thought of such a transaction? Yet the statute-book no more forbids the taking of presents in Europe now, than it forbade the taking of presents in Asia then.

25 At the same time, it must be admitted that, in Clive's case, there were many extenuating circumstances. He considered himself as the general, not of the Crown, but of the Company. The Company had, by implication at least, authorized its agents to enrich themselves by means of the liberality of the native princes, and by

other means still more objectionable. It was hardly to be expected that the servant should entertain stricter notions of his duty than were entertained by his masters. Though Clive did not distinctly acquaint his employers with what had taken place and request their sanction, 5 he did not, on the other hand, by studied concealment, show that he was conscious of having done wrong. On the contrary, he avowed with the greatest openness that the Nabob's bounty had raised him to affluence. Lastly, though we think that he ought not in such a way to 10 have taken anything, we must admit that he deserves praise for having taken so little. He accepted twenty lacs of rupees. It would have cost him only a word to make the twenty forty. It was a very easy exercise of virtue to declaim in England against Clive's rapacity; but 15 not one in a hundred of his accusers would have shown so much self-command in the treasury of Moorshedabad.

Meer Jaffier could be upheld on the throne only by the hand which had placed him on it. He was not, indeed, a mere boy; nor had he been so unfortunate as 20 to be born in the purple. He was not therefore quite so imbecile or quite so depraved as his predecessor had been. But he had none of the talents or virtues which his post required; and his son and heir, Meeran, was another Surajah Dowlah. The recent revolution had unsettled 25 the minds of men. Many chiefs were in open insurrection against the new Nabob. The viceroy of the rich and powerful province of Oude, who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, was now in truth an independent sovereign, menaced Bengal with invasion. Nothing but

the talents and authority of Clive could support the tottering government. While things were in this state, a ship arrived with despatches which had been written at the India House before the news of the battle of Plassey had reached London. The Directors had determined to place the English settlements in Bengal under a government constituted in the most cumbrous and absurd manner; and, to make the matter worse, no place in the arrangement was assigned to Clive. The persons who were selected to form this new government, greatly to their honor, took on themselves the responsibility of disobeying these preposterous orders, and invited Clive to exercise the supreme authority. He consented; and it soon appeared that the servants of the Company had only anticipated the wishes of their employers. The Directors, on receiving news of Clive's brilliant success, instantly appointed him governor of their possessions in Bengal, with the highest marks of gratitude and esteem. His power was now boundless, and far surpassed even that which Dupleix had attained in the south of India. Meer Jaffier regarded him with slavish awe. On one occasion, the Nabob spoke with severity to a native chief of high rank, whose followers had been engaged in a brawl with some of the Company's sepoys. "Are you yet to learn," he said, "who that Colonel Clive is, and in what station God has placed him?" The chief, who, as a famous jester and an old friend of Meer Jaffier, could venture to take liberties, answered, "I affront the Colonel! I, who never get up in the morning without making three low bows to his jackass!" This

was hardly an exaggeration. Europeans and natives were alike at Clive's feet. The English regarded him as the only man who could force Meer Jaffier to keep his engagements with them. Meer Jaffier regarded him as the only man who could protect the new dynasty against 5
turbulent subjects and encroaching neighbors.

It is but justice to say that Clive used his power ably and vigorously for the advantage of his country. He sent forth an expedition against the tract lying to the north of the Carnatic. In this tract the French still 10
had the ascendancy, and it was important to dislodge them. The conduct of the enterprise was intrusted to an officer of the name of Forde, who was then little known, but in whom the keen eye of the governor had detected military talents of a high order. The success 15
of the expedition was rapid and splendid.

While a considerable part of the army of Bengal was thus engaged at a distance, a new and formidable danger menaced the western frontier. The Great Mogul was a 20
prisoner at Delhi in the hands of a subject. His eldest son, named Shah Alum, destined to be, during many years, the sport of adverse fortune, and to be a tool in the hands, first of the Mahrattas, and then of the English, had fled from the palace of his father. His birth was still revered in India. Some powerful princes, the 25
Nabob of Oude in particular, were inclined to favor him. Shah Alum found it easy to draw to his standard great numbers of the military adventurers with whom every part of the country swarmed. An army of forty thousand men, of various races and religions, Mahrattas,

Rohillas, Jauts, and Afghans, was speedily assembled round him; and he formed the design of overthrowing the upstart whom the English had elevated to a throne, and of establishing his own authority throughout Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar.

Meer Jaffier's terror was extreme; and the only expedient which occurred to him was to purchase, by the payment of a large sum of money, an accommodation with Shah Alum. This expedient had been repeatedly employed by those who, before him, had ruled the rich and unwarlike provinces near the mouth of the Ganges. But Clive treated the suggestion with a scorn worthy of his strong sense and dauntless courage. "If you do this," he wrote, "you will have the Nabob of Oude, the Mahrattas, and many more, come from all parts of the confines of your country, who will bully you out of money till you have none left in your treasury. I beg your Excellency will rely on the fidelity of the English, and of those troops which are attached to you." He wrote in a similar strain to the governor of Patna, a brave native soldier whom he highly esteemed. "Come to no terms; defend your city to the last. Rest assured that the English are stanch and firm friends, and that they never desert a cause in which they have once taken a part."

He kept his word. Shah Alum had invested Patna, and was on the point of proceeding to storm, when he learned that the colonel was advancing by forced marches. The whole army which was approaching consisted of only four hundred and fifty Europeans and two thousand

five hundred sepoys. But Clive and his Englishmen were now objects of dread over all the East. As soon as his advanced guard appeared, the besiegers fled before him. A few French adventurers who were about the person of the prince advised him to try the chance of battle; but in vain. In a few days this great army, which had been regarded with so much uneasiness by the court of Moorshedabad, melted away before the mere terror of the British name. 5

The conqueror returned in triumph to Fort William. The joy of Meer Jaffier was as unbounded as his fears had been, and led him to bestow on his preserver a princely token of gratitude. The quit-rent which the East India Company were bound to pay to the Nabob for the extensive lands held by them to the south of Calcutta amounted to near thirty thousand pounds sterling a year. The whole of this splendid estate, sufficient to support with dignity the highest rank of the British peerage, was now conferred on Clive for life. 10 15

This present we think Clive justified in accepting. It was a present which, from its very nature, could be no secret. In fact, the Company itself was his tenant, and, by its acquiescence, signified its approbation of Meer Jaffier's grant. 20

But the gratitude of Meer Jaffier did not last long. He had for some time felt that the powerful ally who had set him up might pull him down, and had been looking round for support against the formidable strength by which he had himself been hitherto supported. He knew that it would be impossible to find among the 25

natives of India any force which would look the colonel's little army in the face. The French power in Bengal was extinct. But the fame of the Dutch had anciently been great in the Eastern seas; and it was not yet distinctly known in Asia how much the power of Holland had declined in Europe. Secret communications passed between the court of Moorshedabad and the Dutch factory at Chinsurah; and urgent letters were sent from Chinsurah, exhorting the government of Batavia to fit out an expedition which might balance the power of the English in Bengal. The authorities of Batavia, eager to extend the influence of their country, and still more eager to obtain for themselves a share of the wealth which had recently raised so many English adventurers to opulence, equipped a powerful armament. Seven large ships from Java arrived unexpectedly in the Hoogley. The military force on board amounted to fifteen hundred men, of whom about one-half were Europeans. The enterprise was well timed. Clive had sent such large detachments to oppose the French in the Carnatic that his army was now inferior in number to that of the Dutch. He knew that Meer Jaffier secretly favored the invaders. He knew that he took on himself a serious responsibility if he attacked the forces of a friendly power; that the English ministers could not wish to see a war with Holland added to that in which they were already engaged with France; that they might disavow his acts; that they might punish him. He had recently remitted a great part of his fortune to Europe, through the Dutch East India Company; and he had there-

fore a strong interest in avoiding any quarrel. But he was satisfied, that if he suffered the Batavian armament to pass up the river, and to join the garrison of Chinsurah, Meer Jaffier would throw himself into the arms of these new allies, and that the English ascendancy in Bengal would be exposed to most serious danger. He took his resolution with characteristic boldness, and was most ably seconded by his officers, particularly by Colonel Forde, to whom the most important part of the operations was intrusted. The Dutch attempted to force a passage. The English encountered them both by land and water. On both elements the enemy had a great superiority of force. On both they were signally defeated. Their ships were taken. Their troops were put to a total rout. Almost all the European soldiers, who constituted the main strength of the invading army, were killed or taken. The conquerors sat down before Chinsurah; and the chiefs of that settlement, now thoroughly humbled, consented to the terms which Clive dictated. They engaged to build no fortifications, and to raise no troops beyond a small force necessary for the police of their factories; and it was distinctly provided that any violation of these covenants should be punished with instant expulsion from Bengal.

Three months after this great victory, Clive sailed for England. At home, honors and rewards awaited him, not indeed equal to his claims or to his ambition, but still such as, when his age, his rank in the army, and his original place in society are considered, must be pronounced rare and splendid. He was raised to the Irish

peerage, and encouraged to expect an English title. George the Third, who had just ascended the throne, received him with great distinction. The ministers paid him marked attention; and Pitt, whose influence in the
5 House of Commons and in the country was unbounded, was eager to mark his regard for one whose exploits had contributed so much to the lustre of that memorable period. The great orator had already in Parliament described Clive as a heaven-born general, as a man who,
10 bred to the labor of the desk, had displayed a military genius which might excite the admiration of the King of Prussia. There were then no reporters in the gallery; but these words, emphatically spoken by the first statesman of the age, had passed from mouth to mouth, had
15 been transmitted to Clive in Bengal, and had greatly delighted and flattered him. Indeed, since the death of Wolfe, Clive was the only English general of whom his countrymen had much reason to be proud. The Duke of Cumberland had been generally unfortunate; and his
20 single victory, having been gained over his countrymen, and used with merciless severity, had been more fatal to his popularity than his many defeats. Conway, versed in the learning of his profession, and personally courageous, wanted vigor and capacity. Granby, honest,
25 generous, and as brave as a lion, had neither science nor genius. Sackville, inferior in knowledge and abilities to none of his contemporaries, had incurred, unjustly as we believe, the imputation most fatal to the character of a soldier. It was under the command of a foreign general that the British had triumphed at Minden and

Warburg. The people, therefore, as was natural, greeted with pride and delight a captain of their own, whose native courage and self-taught skill had placed him on a level with the great tacticians of Germany.

The wealth of Clive was such as enabled him to vie with the first grandees of England. There remains proof that he had remitted more than a hundred and eighty thousand pounds through the Dutch East India Company, and more than forty thousand pounds through the English Company. The amount which he had sent home through private houses was also considerable. He had invested great sums in jewels, then a very common mode of remittance from India. His purchases of diamonds, at Madras alone, amounted to twenty-five thousand pounds. Besides a great mass of ready money, he had his Indian estate, valued by himself at twenty-seven thousand a year. His whole annual income, in the opinion of Sir John Malcolm, who is desirous to state it as low as possible, exceeded forty thousand pounds; and incomes of forty thousand pounds at the time of the accession of George the Third were at least as rare as incomes of a hundred thousand pounds now. We may safely affirm that no Englishman who started with nothing has ever, in any line of life, created such a fortune at the early age of thirty-four.

It would be unjust not to add that Clive made a creditable use of his riches. As soon as the battle of Plassey had laid the foundation of his fortune, he sent ten thousand pounds to his sisters, bestowed as much more on other poor friends and relations, ordered his

agent to pay eight hundred a year to his parents, and to insist that they should keep a carriage, and settled five hundred a year on his old commander Lawrence, whose means were very slender. The whole sum which Clive
5 expended in this manner may be calculated at fifty thousand pounds.

He now set himself to cultivate Parliamentary interest. His purchases of land seem to have been made in a great measure with that view, and, after the general
10 election of 1761, he found himself in the House of Commons, at the head of a body of dependents whose support must have been important to any administration. In English politics, however, he did not take a prominent part. His first attachments, as we have seen, were
15 to Mr. Fox; at a later period he was attracted by the genius and success of Mr. Pitt; but finally he connected himself in the closest manner with George Grenville. Early in the session of 1764, when the illegal and im-
20 politic persecution of that worthless demagogue Wilkes had strongly excited the public mind, the town was amused by an anecdote, which we have seen in some unpublished memoirs of Horace Walpole. Old Mr. Richard Clive who, since his son's elevation, had been introduced into society for which his former habits had
25 not well fitted him, presented himself at the levee. The King asked him where Lord Clive was. "He will be in town very soon," said the old gentleman, loud enough to be heard by the whole circle, "and then your Majesty will have another vote."

But in truth all Clive's views were directed towards

the country in which he had so eminently distinguished himself as a soldier and a statesman; and it was by considerations relating to India that his conduct as a public man in England was regulated. The power of the Company, though an anomaly, is in our time, we are 5 firmly persuaded, a beneficial anomaly. In the time of Clive, it was not merely an anomaly, but a nuisance. There was no Board of Control. The Directors were, for the most part, mere traders, ignorant of general politics, ignorant of the peculiarities of the empire 10 which had strangely become subject to them. The Court of Proprietors, wherever it chose to interfere, was able to have its way. That court was more numerous, as well as more powerful, than at present; for then every share of five hundred pounds conferred a vote. 15 The meetings were large, stormy, even riotous, the debates indecently virulent. All the turbulence of a Westminster election, all the trickery and corruption of a Grampound election, disgraced the proceedings of this assembly on questions of the most solemn importance. 20 Fictitious votes were manufactured on a gigantic scale. Clive himself laid out a hundred thousand pounds in the purchase of stock, which he then divided among nominal proprietors on whom he could depend, and whom he brought down in his train to every discussion 25 and every ballot. Others did the same, though not to quite so enormous an extent.

The interest taken by the public of England in Indian questions was then far greater than at present, and the reason is obvious. At present a writer enters the ser-

vice young; he climbs slowly; he is fortunate if, at forty-five, he can return to his country with an annuity of a thousand a year, and with savings amounting to thirty thousand pounds. A great quantity of wealth is
5 made by English functionaries in India; but no single functionary makes a very large fortune, and what is made is slowly, hardly, and honestly earned. Only four or five high political offices are reserved for public men from England. The residences, the secretaryships, the
10 seats in the boards of revenue and in the Sudder courts are all filled by men who have given the best years of life to the service of the Company; nor can any talents however splendid, or any connections however powerful, obtain those lucrative posts for any person who has not
15 entered by the regular door, and mounted by the regular gradations. Seventy years ago, less money was brought home from the East than in our time. But it was divided among a very much smaller number of persons, and immense sums were often accumulated in a few
20 months. Any Englishman, whatever his age might be, might hope to be one of the lucky emigrants. If he made a good speech in Leadenhall Street, or published a clever pamphlet in defence of the chairman, he might be sent out in the Company's service, and might return
25 in three or four years as rich as Pigot or as Clive. Thus the India House was a lottery-office, which invited everybody to take a chance, and held out ducal fortunes as the prizes destined for the lucky few. As soon as it was known that there was a part of the world where a lieutenant-colonel had one morning received as a present

an estate as large as that of the Earl of Bath or the Marquess of Rockingham, and where it seemed that such a trifle as ten or twenty thousand pounds was to be had by any British functionary for the asking, society began to exhibit all the symptoms of the South Sea year, a feverish excitement, an ungovernable impatience to be rich, a contempt for slow, sure, and moderate gains. 5

At the head of the preponderating party in the India House, had long stood a powerful, able, and ambitious director of the name of Sullivan. He had conceived a strong jealousy of Clive, and remembered with bitterness the audacity with which the late governor of Bengal had repeatedly set at naught the authority of the distant Directors of the Company. An apparent reconciliation took place after Clive's arrival; but enmity remained 15 deeply rooted in the hearts of both. The whole body of Directors was then chosen annually. At the election of 1763, Clive attempted to break down the power of the dominant faction. The contest was carried on with a violence which he describes as tremendous. Sullivan 20 was victorious, and hastened to take his revenge. The grant of rent which Clive had received from Meer Jaffier was, in the opinion of the best English lawyers, valid. It had been made by exactly the same authority from which the Company had received their chief possessions 25 in Bengal, and the Company had long acquiesced in it. The Directors, however, most unjustly determined to confiscate it, and Clive was forced to file a bill in Chancery against them.

But a great and sudden turn in affairs was at hand.

Every ship from Bengal had for some time brought alarming tidings. The internal misgovernment of the province had reached such a point that it could go no further. What, indeed, was to be expected from a body of
5 public servants exposed to temptation such that, as Clive once said, flesh and blood could not bear it, armed with irresistible power, and responsible only to the corrupt, turbulent, distracted, ill-informed Company, situated at such a distance that the average interval between the
10 sending of a despatch and the receipt of an answer was above a year and a half? Accordingly, during the five years which followed the departure of Clive from Bengal, the misgovernment of the English was carried to a point such as seems hardly compatible with the very existence
15 of society. The Roman proconsul, who, in a year or two, squeezed out of a province the means of rearing marble palaces and baths on the shores of Campania, of drinking from amber, of feasting on singing birds, of exhibiting armies of gladiators and flocks of camelo-
20 pards; the Spanish viceroy, who, leaving behind him the curses of Mexico or Lima, entered Madrid with a long train of gilded coaches, and of sumpter-horses trapped and shod with silver, were now outdone. Cruelty, indeed, properly so called, was not among the vices
25 of the servants of the Company. But cruelty itself could hardly have produced greater evils than sprang from their unprincipled eagerness to be rich. They pulled down their creature, Meer Jaffier. They set up in his place another Nabob, named Meer Cossim. But Meer Cossim had parts and a will; and, though suffi-

ciently inclined to oppress his subjects himself, he could not bear to see them ground to the dust by oppressions which yielded him no profit, nay, which destroyed his revenue in the very source. The English accordingly pulled down Meer Cossim, and set up Meer Jaffier again ; 5 and Meer Cossim, after revenging himself by a massacre surpassing in atrocity that of the Black Hole, fled to the dominions of the Nabob of Oude. At every one of these revolutions, the new prince divided among his foreign masters whatever could be scraped together in 10 the treasury of his fallen predecessor. The immense population of his dominions was given up as a prey to those who had made him a sovereign, and who could unmake him. The servants of the Company obtained, not for their employers, but for themselves, a monopoly 15 of almost the whole internal trade. They forced the natives to buy dear and to sell cheap. They insulted with impunity the tribunals, the police, and the fiscal authorities of the country. They covered with their protection a set of native dependents who ranged through 20 the provinces, spreading desolation and terror wherever they appeared. Every servant of a British factor was armed with all the power of his master ; and his master was armed with all the power of the Company. Enormous fortunes were thus rapidly accumulated at Calcutta, 25 while thirty millions of human beings were reduced to the extremity of wretchedness. They had been accustomed to live under tyranny, but never under tyranny like this. They found the little finger of the Company thicker than the loins of Surajah Dowlah. Under their

old masters they had at least one resource: when the evil became insupportable, the people rose and pulled down the government. But the English government was not to be so shaken off. That government, oppressive
5 as the most oppressive form of barbarian despotism, was strong with all the strength of civilization. It resembled the government of evil Genii, rather than the government of human tyrants. Even despair could not inspire the soft Bengalee with courage to confront men of Eng-
10 lish breed, the hereditary nobility of mankind, whose skill and valor had so often triumphed in spite of ten-fold odds. The unhappy race never attempted resistance. Sometimes they submitted in patient misery. Sometimes they fled from the white man, as their fathers
15 had been used to fly from the Mahratta; and the palanquin of the English traveller was often carried through silent villages and towns, which the report of his approach had made desolate.

The foreign lords of Bengal were naturally objects of
20 hatred to all the neighboring powers; and to all the haughty race presented a dauntless front. The English armies, everywhere outnumbered, were everywhere victorious. A succession of commanders, formed in the school of Clive, still maintained the fame of their country.
25 "It must be acknowledged," says the Mussulman historian of those times, "that this nation's presence of mind, firmness of temper, and undaunted bravery, are past all question. They join the most resolute courage to the most cautious prudence; nor have they their equals in the art of ranging themselves in battle array

and fighting in order. If to so many military qualifications they knew how to join the arts of government, if they exerted as much ingenuity and solicitude in relieving the people of God, as they do in whatever concerns their military affairs, no nation in the world would be preferable to them, or worthier of command. But the people under their dominion groan everywhere, and are reduced to poverty and distress. Oh God! come to the assistance of thine afflicted servants, and deliver them from the oppressions which they suffer.”

It was impossible, however, that even the military establishment should long continue exempt from the vices which pervaded every other part of the government. Rapacity, luxury, and the spirit of insubordination spread from the civil service to the officers of the army, and from the officers to the soldiers. The evil continued to grow till every messroom became the seat of conspiracy and cabal, and till the sepoy could be kept in order only by wholesale executions.

At length the state of things in Bengal began to excite uneasiness at home. A succession of revolutions; a disorganized administration; the natives pillaged, yet the Company not enriched; every fleet bringing back fortunate adventurers who were able to purchase manors and to build stately dwellings, yet bringing back also alarming accounts of the financial prospects of the government; war on the frontiers; disaffection in the army; the national character disgraced by excesses resembling those of Verres and Pizarro;—such was the spectacle which dismayed those who were conversant with Indian

affairs. The general cry was that Clive, and Clive alone, could save the empire which he had founded.

This feeling manifested itself in the strongest manner at a very full General Court of Proprietors. Men of all
5 parties, forgetting their feuds and trembling for their dividends, exclaimed that Clive was the man whom the crisis required, that the oppressive proceeding which had been adopted respecting his estate ought to be dropped, and that he ought to be entreated to return to
10 India.

Clive rose. As to his estate, he said, he would make such propositions to the Directors as would, he trusted, lead to an amicable settlement. But there was a still greater difficulty. It was proper to tell them that he
15 never would undertake the government of Bengal while his enemy Sullivan was chairman of the Company. The tumult was violent. Sullivan could scarcely obtain a hearing. An overwhelming majority of the assembly was on Clive's side. Sullivan wished to try the result
20 of a ballot. But, according to the by-laws of the Company, there can be no ballot except on a requisition signed by nine proprietors; and, though hundreds were present, nine persons could not be found to set their hands to such a requisition.

25 Clive was, in consequence, nominated Governor and Commander-in-chief of the British possessions in Bengal. But he adhered to his declaration, and refused to enter on his office till the event of the next election of Directors should be known. The contest was obstinate; but Clive triumphed. Sullivan, lately absolute master of

the India House, was within a vote of losing his own seat; and both the chairman and the deputy-chairman were friends of the new governor.

Such were the circumstances under which Lord Clive sailed for the third and last time to India. In May, 5
1765, he reached Calcutta; and he found the whole machine of government even more fearfully disorganized than he had anticipated. Meer Jaffier, who had some time before lost his eldest son, Meeran, had died while Clive was on his voyage out. The English functionaries 10
at Calcutta had already received from home strict orders not to accept presents from the native princes. But, eager for gain, and unaccustomed to respect the commands of their distant, ignorant, and negligent masters, they again set up the throne of Bengal to sale. About 15
one hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling was distributed among nine of the most powerful servants of the Company; and, in consideration of this bribe, an infant son of the deceased Nabob was placed on the seat of his father. The news of the ignominious bargain met 20
Clive on his arrival. In a private letter, written immediately after his landing, to an intimate friend, he poured out his feelings in language which, proceeding from a man so daring, so resolute, and so little given to theatrical display of sentiment, seems to us singularly 25
touching. "Alas!" he says, "how is the English name sunk! I could not avoid paying the tribute of a few tears to the departed and lost fame of the British nation — irrecoverably so, I fear. However, I do declare, by that great Being who is the searcher of all hearts, and

to whom we must be accountable if there be a hereafter, that I am come out with a mind superior to all corruption, and that I am determined to destroy these great and growing evils, or perish in the attempt."

5 The Council met, and Clive stated to them his full determination to make a thorough reform, and to use for that purpose the whole of the ample authority, civil and military, which had been confided to him. Johnstone, one of the boldest and worst men in the assembly,
10 made some show of opposition. Clive interrupted him, and haughtily demanded whether he meant to question the power of the new government. Johnstone was cowed, and disclaimed any such intention. All the faces round the board grew long and pale; and not
15 another syllable of dissent was uttered.

Clive redeemed his pledge. He remained in India about a year and a half; and in that short time effected one of the most extensive, difficult, and salutary reforms that ever was accomplished by any statesman. This
20 was the part of his life on which he afterwards looked back with most pride. He had it in his power to triple his already splendid fortune; to connive at abuses while pretending to remove them; to conciliate the good will of all the English in Bengal, by giving up to their
25 rapacity a helpless and timid race, who knew not where lay the island which sent forth their oppressors, and whose complaints had little chance of being heard across fifteen thousand miles of ocean. He knew that if he applied himself in earnest to the work of reformation, he should raise every bad passion in arms against

him. He knew how unscrupulous, how implacable, would be the hatred of those ravenous adventurers who, having counted on accumulating in a few months fortunes sufficient to support peerages, should find all their hopes frustrated. But he had chosen the good 5 part; and he called up all the forces of his mind for a battle far harder than that of Plassey. At first success seemed hopeless; but soon all obstacles began to bend before that iron courage and that vehement will. The receiving of presents from the natives was rigidly pro- 10 hibited. The private trade of the servants of the Company was put down. The whole settlement seemed to be set, as one man, against these measures. But the inexorable governor declared that, if he could not find support at Fort William, he would procure it elsewhere, 15 and sent for some civil servants from Madras to assist him in carrying on the administration. The most factious of his opponents he turned out of their offices. The rest submitted to what was inevitable; and in a very short time all resistance was quelled. 20

But Clive was far too wise a man not to see that the recent abuses were partly to be ascribed to a cause which could not fail to produce similar abuses, as soon as the pressure of his strong hand was withdrawn. The Company had followed a mistaken policy with respect to the 25 remuneration of its servants. The salaries were too low to afford even those indulgences which are necessary to the health and comfort of Europeans in a tropical climate. To lay by a rupee from such scanty pay was impossible. It could not be supposed that men of even

average abilities would consent to pass the best years of life in exile under a burning sun, for no other consideration than these stinted wages. It had accordingly been understood, from a very early period, that the Company's agents were at liberty to enrich themselves by their private trade. This practice had been seriously injurious to the commercial interests of the corporation. That very intelligent observer, Sir Thomas Roe, in the reign of James the First, strongly urged the Directors to apply a remedy to the abuse. "Absolutely prohibit the private trade," said he; "for your business will be better done. I know this is harsh. Men profess they come not for bare wages. But you will take away this plea if you give great wages to their content; and then you know what you part from."

In spite of his excellent advice, the Company adhered to the old system, paid low salaries, and connived at the indirect gains of the agents. The pay of a member of Council was only three hundred pounds a year. Yet it was notorious that such a functionary could not live in India for less than ten times that sum; and it could not be expected that he would be content to live even handsomely in India without laying up something against the time of his return to England. This system, before the conquest of Bengal, might affect the amount of the dividends payable to the proprietors, but could do little harm in any other way. But the Company was now a ruling body. Its servants might still be called factors, junior merchants, senior merchants. But they were in truth proconsuls, proprætors, procura-

tors of extensive regions. They had immense power. Their regular pay was universally admitted to be insufficient. They were, by the ancient usage of the service, and by the implied permission of their employers, warranted in enriching themselves by indirect means; and this had been the origin of the frightful oppression and corruption which had desolated Bengal. Clive saw clearly that it was absurd to give men power, and to require them to live in penury. He justly concluded that no reform could be effectual which should not be coupled with a plan for liberally remunerating the civil servants of the Company. The Directors, he knew, were not disposed to sanction any increase of the salaries out of their own treasury. The only course which remained open to the governor was one which exposed him to much misrepresentation, but which we think him fully justified in adopting. He appropriated to the support of the service the monopoly of salt, which has formed, down to our own time, a principal head of Indian revenue; and he divided the proceeds according to a scale which seems to have been not unreasonably fixed. He was, in consequence, accused by his enemies, and has been accused by historians, of disobeying his instructions, of violating his promises, of authorizing that very abuse which it was his special mission to destroy, namely, the trade of the Company's servants. But every discerning and impartial judge will admit, that there was really nothing in common between the system which he set up and that which he was sent to destroy. The monopoly of salt had been a source of revenue to

the governments of India before Clive was born. It continued to be so long after his death. The civil servants were clearly entitled to a maintenance out of the revenue ; and all that Clive did was to charge a particular portion of the revenue with their maintenance. He thus, while he put an end to the practices by which gigantic fortunes had been rapidly accumulated, gave to every British functionary employed in the East the means of slowly, but surely, acquiring a competence. Yet, such is the injustice of mankind, that none of those acts which are the real stains of his life has drawn on him so much obloquy as this measure, which was in truth a reform necessary to the success of all his other reforms.

He had quelled the opposition of the civil service : that of the army was more formidable. Some of the retrenchments which had been ordered by the Directors affected the interests of the military service ; and a storm arose, such as even Cæsar would not willingly have faced. It was no light thing to encounter the resistance of those who held the power of the sword, in a country governed only by the sword. Two hundred English officers engaged in a conspiracy against the government, and determined to resign their commissions on the same day, not doubting that Clive would grant any terms rather than see the army, on which alone the British empire in the East rested, left without commanders. They little knew the unconquerable spirit with which they had to deal. Clive had still a few officers round his person on whom he could rely. He sent

to Fort St. George for a fresh supply. He gave commissions even to mercantile agents who were disposed to support him at this crisis; and he sent orders that every officer who resigned should be instantly brought up to Calcutta. The conspirators found that they had miscalculated. The governor was inexorable. The troops were steady. The sepoy, over whom Clive had always possessed extraordinary influence, stood by him with unshaken fidelity. The leaders in the plot were arrested, tried, and cashiered. The rest, humbled and dispirited, begged to be permitted to withdraw their resignations. Many of them declared their repentance even with tears. The younger offenders Clive treated with lenity. To the ringleaders he was inflexibly severe; but his severity was pure from all taint of private malevolence. While he sternly upheld the just authority of his office, he passed by personal insults and injuries with magnanimous disdain. One of the conspirators was accused of having planned the assassination of the governor; but Clive would not listen to the charge. "The officers," he said, "are Englishmen, not assassins."

While he reformed the civil service and established his authority over the army, he was equally successful in his foreign policy. His landing on Indian ground was the signal for immediate peace. The Nabob of Oude, with a large army, lay at that time on the frontier of Bahar. He had been joined by many Afghans and Mahrattas, and there was no small reason to expect a general coalition of all the native powers against the English. But the name of Clive quelled in an instant

all opposition. The enemy implored peace in the humblest language, and submitted to such terms as the new governor chose to dictate.

At the same time, the government of Bengal was
5 placed on a new footing. The power of the English in that province had hitherto been altogether undefined. It was unknown to the ancient constitution of the empire, and it had been ascertained by no compact. It resembled the power which, in the last decrepitude
10 of the Western Empire, was exercised over Italy by the great chiefs of foreign mercenaries, the Ricimers and the Odoacers, who put up and pulled down at their pleasure a succession of insignificant princes, dignified with the names of Cæsar and Augustus. But as in
15 Italy, so in India, the warlike strangers at length found it expedient to give to a domination which had been established by arms the sanction of law and ancient prescription. Theodoric thought it politic to obtain from the distant court of Byzantium a commission
20 appointing him ruler of Italy; and Clive, in the same manner, applied to the Court of Delhi for a formal grant of the powers of which he already possessed the reality. The Mogul was absolutely helpless; and, though he murmured, had reason to be well pleased that the Eng-
25 lish were disposed to give solid rupees which he never could have extorted from them, in exchange for a few Persian characters which cost him nothing. A bargain was speedily struck; and the titular sovereign of Hindoo-
stan issued a warrant, empowering the Company to collect and administer the revenues of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar.

There was still a Nabob, who stood to the British authorities in the same relation in which the last drivelling Chilperics and Childerics of the Merovingian line stood to their able and vigorous Mayors of the Palace, to Charles Martel and to Pepin. At one time Clive had almost made up his mind to discard this phantom altogether; but he afterwards thought that it might be convenient still to use the name of the Nabob, particularly in dealings with other European nations. The French, the Dutch, and the Danes, would, he conceived, submit far more readily to the authority of the native Prince, whom they had always been accustomed to respect, than to that of a rival trading corporation. This policy may, at that time, have been judicious. But the pretence was soon found to be too flimsy to impose on anybody; and it was altogether laid aside. The heir of Meer Jaffier still resides at Moorshedabad, the ancient capital of his house, still bears the title of Nabob, is still accosted by the English as "Your Highness," and is still suffered to retain a portion of the regal state which surrounded his ancestors. A pension of a hundred and sixty thousand pounds a year is annually paid to him by the government. His carriage is surrounded by guards, and preceded by attendants with silver maces. His person and his dwelling are exempted from the ordinary authority of the ministers of justice. But he has not the smallest share of political power, and is, in fact, only a noble and wealthy subject of the Company.

It would have been easy for Clive, during his second

administration in Bengal, to accumulate riches such as no subject in Europe possessed. He might, indeed, without subjecting the rich inhabitants of the province to any pressure beyond that to which their mildest
5 rulers had accustomed them, have received presents to the amount of three hundred thousand pounds a year. The neighboring princes would gladly have paid any price for his favor. But he appears to have strictly adhered to the rules which he had laid down for the
10 guidance of others. The Rajah of Benares offered him diamonds of great value. The Nabob of Oude pressed him to accept a large sum of money and a casket of costly jewels. Clive courteously, but peremptorily refused: and it should be observed that he made no merit
15 of his refusal, and that the facts did not come to light till after his death. He kept an exact account of his salary, of his share of the profits accruing from the trade in salt, and of those presents which, according to the fashion of the East, it would be churlish to refuse.
20 Out of the sum arising from these resources, he defrayed the expenses of his situation. The surplus he divided among a few attached friends who had accompanied him to India. He always boasted, and as far as we can judge, he boasted with truth, that his last administration diminished instead of increasing his fortune.

One large sum indeed he accepted. Meer Jaffier had left him by will above sixty thousand pounds sterling in specie and jewels: and the rules which had been recently laid down extended only to presents from the living, and did not affect legacies from the dead. Clive took

the money, but not for himself. He made the whole over to the Company, in trust for officers and soldiers invalided in their service. The fund which still bears his name owes its origin to this princely donation.

After a stay of eighteen months, the state of his health made it necessary for him to return to Europe. At the close of January, 1767, he quitted for the last time the country, on whose destinies he had exercised so mighty an influence.

His second return from Bengal was not, like his first, greeted by the acclamations of his countrymen. Numerous causes were already at work which embittered the remaining years of his life, and hurried him to an untimely grave. His old enemies at the India House were still powerful and active; and they had been re-enforced by a large band of allies whose violence far exceeded their own. The whole crew of pilferers and oppressors from whom he had rescued Bengal persecuted him with the implacable rancor which belongs to such abject natures. Many of them even invested their property in India stock, merely that they might be better able to annoy the man whose firmness had set bounds to their rapacity. Lying newspapers were set up for no purpose but to abuse him; and the temper of the public mind was then such, that these arts, which under ordinary circumstances would have been ineffectual against truth and merit, produced an extraordinary impression.

The great events which had taken place in India had called into existence a new class of Englishmen, to whom their countrymen gave the name of Nabobs. These

persons had generally sprung from families neither ancient nor opulent; they had generally been sent at an early age to the East; and they had there acquired large fortunes, which they had brought back to their native
5 land. It was natural that, not having had much opportunity of mixing with the best society, they should exhibit some of the awkwardness and some of the pomposity of upstarts. It was natural that, during their sojourn in Asia, they should have acquired some tastes
10 and habits surprising, if not disgusting, to persons who never had quitted Europe. It was natural that, having enjoyed great consideration in the East, they should not be disposed to sink into obscurity at home; and, as they had money, and had not birth or high connection, it was
15 natural that they should display a little obtrusively the single advantage which they possessed. Wherever they settled there was a kind of feud between them and the old nobility and gentry, similar to that which raged in France between the farmer-general and the marquess.
20 This enmity to the aristocracy long continued to distinguish the servants of the Company. More than twenty years after the time of which we are now speaking, Burke pronounced that among the Jacobins might be reckoned "the East Indians almost to a man, who cannot bear to find that their present importance does not
25 bear a proportion to their wealth."

The Nabobs soon became a most unpopular class of men. Some of them had in the East displayed eminent talents, and rendered great services to the State; but at home their talents were not shown to advantage, and

their services were little known. That they had sprung from obscurity; that they had acquired great wealth; that they exhibited it insolently; that they spent it extravagantly; that they raised the price of everything in their neighborhood, from fresh eggs to rotten bor- 5
oughs; that their liveries outshone those of dukes; that their coaches were finer than that of the Lord Mayor; that the examples of their large and ill-governed households corrupted half the servants in the country; that some of them, with all their magnificence, could not 10
catch the tone of good society, but, in spite of the stud and the crowd of menials, of the plate and the Dresden china, of the venison and the Burgundy, were still low men; these were things which excited, both in the class from which they had sprung and in the class into which 15
they attempted to force themselves, the bitter aversion which is the effect of mingled envy and contempt. But when it was also rumored that the fortune which had enabled its possessor to eclipse the Lord Lieutenant on the race-ground, or to carry the county against the head 20
of a house as old as Domesday Book, had been accumulated by violating public faith, by deposing legitimate princes, by reducing whole provinces to beggary, all the higher and better as well as all the low and evil parts of human nature were stirred against the wretch who had 25
obtained by guilt and dishonor the riches which he now lavished with arrogant and inelegant profusion. The unfortunate Nabob seemed to be made up of those foibles against which comedy has pointed the most merciless ridicule, and of those crimes which have thrown

the deepest gloom over tragedy, of Turcaret and Nero, of Monsieur Jourdain and Richard the Third. A tempest of execration and derision, such as can be compared only to that outbreak of public feeling against the Puritans which took place at the time of the Restoration, burst on the servants of the Company. The humane man was horror-struck at the way in which they had got their money, the thrifty man at the way in which they spent it. The Dilettante sneered at their want of taste. The Maccaroni black-balled them as vulgar fellows. Writers the most unlike in sentiment and style, Methodists and libertines, philosophers and buffoons, were for once on the same side. It is hardly too much to say that, during a space of about thirty years, the whole lighter literature of England was colored by the feelings which we have described. Foote brought on the stage an Anglo-Indian chief, dissolute, ungenerous, and tyrannical, ashamed of the humble friends of his youth, hating the aristocracy, yet childishly eager to be numbered among them, squandering his wealth on pandars and flatterers, tricking out his chairmen with the most costly hot-house flowers, and astounding the ignorant with jargon about rupees, lacs, and jaghires. Mackenzie, with more delicate humor, depicted a plain country family raised by the Indian acquisitions of one of its members to sudden opulence, and exciting derision by an awkward mimicry of the manners of the great. Cowper, in that lofty expostulation which glows with the very spirit of the Hebrew poets, placed the oppression of India foremost in the list of those national crimes

for which God had punished England with years of disastrous war, with discomfiture in her own seas, and with the loss of her transatlantic empire. If any of our readers will take the trouble to search in the dusty recesses of circulating libraries for some novel published 5 sixty years ago, the chance is that the villain or sub-villain of the play will prove to be a savage old Nabob, with an immense fortune, a tawny complexion, a bad liver, and a worse heart.

Such, as far as we can now judge, was the feeling of 10 the country respecting Nabobs in general. And Clive was eminently the Nabob, the ablest, the most celebrated, the highest in rank, the highest in fortune, of all the fraternity. His wealth was exhibited in a manner which could not fail to excite odium. He lived with great 15 magnificence in Berkeley Square. He reared one palace in Shropshire and another at Claremont. His parliamentary influence might vie with that of the greatest families. But in all this splendor and power, envy found something to sneer at. On some of his relations, wealth 20 and dignity seem to have sat as awkwardly as on Mackenzie's Margery Mushroom. Nor was he himself, with all his great qualities, free from those weaknesses which the satirists of that age represented as characteristic of his whole class. In the field, indeed, his habits were 25 remarkably simple. He was constantly on horseback, was never seen but in his uniform, never wore silk, never entered a palanquin, and was content with the plainest fare. But when he was no longer at the head of an army, he laid aside this Spartan temperance for the ostentatious

luxury of a Sybarite. Though his person was ungraceful, and though his harsh features were redeemed from vulgar ugliness only by their stern, dauntless, and commanding expression, he was fond of rich and gay clothing, and replenished his wardrobe with absurd profusion. Sir John Malcolm gives us a letter worthy of Sir Matthew Mite, in which Clive orders "two hundred shirts, the best and finest that can be got for love or money." A few follies of this description, grossly exaggerated by report, produced an unfavorable impression on the public mind. But this was not the worst. Black stories, of which the greater part were pure inventions, were circulated touching his conduct in the East. He had to bear the whole odium, not only of those bad acts to which he had once or twice stooped, but of all the bad acts of all the English in India, of bad acts committed when he was absent, nay, of bad acts which he had manfully opposed and severely punished. The very abuses against which he had waged an honest, resolute, and successful war, were laid to his account. He was, in fact, regarded as the personification of all the vices and weaknesses which the public, with or without reason, ascribed to the English adventurers in Asia. We have ourselves heard old men, who knew nothing of his history, but who still retained the prejudices conceived in their youth, talk of him as an incarnate fiend. Johnson always held this language. Brown, whom Clive employed to lay out his pleasure-grounds, was amazed to see in the house of his noble employer a chest which had once been filled with gold

from the treasury of Moorshedabad, and could not understand how the conscience of the criminal could suffer him to sleep with such an object so near to his bed-chamber. The peasantry of Surrey looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be made so thick in order to keep out the devil, who would one day carry him away bodily. Among the gaping clowns who drank in this frightful story was a worthless, ugly lad of the name of Hunt, since widely known as William Huntington, S.S.; and the superstition which was strangely mingled with the knavery of that remarkable impostor seems to have derived no small nutriment from the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive.

In the mean time, the impulse which Clive had given to the administration of Bengal was constantly becoming fainter and fainter. His policy was to a great extent abandoned; the abuses which he had suppressed began to revive; and at length the evils which a bad government had engendered were aggravated by one of those fearful visitations which the best government cannot avert. In the summer of 1770, the rains failed; the earth was parched up; the tanks were empty; the rivers shrank within their beds; and a famine, such as is known only in countries where every household depends for support on its own little patch of cultivation, filled the whole valley of the Ganges with misery and death. Tender and delicate women whose veils had never been lifted before the public gaze, came forth from

the inner chambers in which Eastern jealousy had kept watch over their beauty, threw themselves on the earth before the passers-by, and, with loud wailings, implored a handful of rice for their children. The Hoogley every 5 day rolled down thousands of corpses close to the porticos and gardens of the English conquerors. The very streets of Calcutta were blocked up by the dying and the dead. The lean and feeble survivors had not energy enough to bear the bodies of their kindred to the funeral 10 pile or to the holy river, or even to scare away the jackals and vultures, who fed on human remains in the face of day. The extent of the mortality was never ascertained; but it was popularly reckoned by millions. This melancholy intelligence added to the excitement 15 which already prevailed in England on Indian subjects. The proprietors of East India stock were uneasy about their dividends. All men of common humanity were touched by the calamities of our unhappy subjects; and indignation soon began to mingle itself with pity. It 20 was rumored that the Company's servants had created the famine by engrossing all the rice of the country; that they had sold grain for eight, ten, twelve times the price at which they had bought it; that one English functionary who, the year before, was not worth a hundred guineas, had, during that season of misery, remitted 25 sixty thousand pounds to London. These charges we believe to have been unfounded. That servants of the Company had ventured, since Clive's departure, to deal in rice, is probable. That, if they dealt in rice, they must have gained by the scarcity, is certain. But there

is no reason for thinking that they either produced or aggravated an evil which physical causes sufficiently explain. The outcry which was raised against them on this occasion was, we suspect, as absurd as the imputations which, in times of dearth at home, were once 5 thrown by statesmen and judges, and are still thrown by two or three old women, on the corn factors. It was, however, so loud and so general that it appears to have imposed even on an intellect raised so high above vulgar prejudices as that of Adam Smith. What was still 10 more extraordinary, these unhappy events greatly increased the unpopularity of Lord Clive. He had been some years in England when the famine took place. None of his acts had the smallest tendency to produce such a calamity. If the servants of the Company had 15 traded in rice, they had done so in direct contravention of the rule which he had laid down, and, while in power, had resolutely enforced. But, in the eyes of his countrymen, he was, as we have said, the Nabob, the Anglo-Indian character personified; and, while he was building 20 and planting in Surrey, he was held responsible for all the effects of a dry season in Bengal.

Parliament had hitherto bestowed very little attention on our Eastern possessions. Since the death of George the Second, a rapid succession of weak administrations, 25 each of which was in turn flattered and betrayed by the Court, had held the semblance of power. Intrigues in the palace, riots in the capital, and insurrectionary movements in the American colonies, had left the advisers of the crown little leisure to study Indian politics. When

they did interfere, their interference was feeble and irresolute. Lord Chatham, indeed, during the short period of his ascendancy in the councils of George the Third, had meditated a bold attack on the Company.

5 But his plans were rendered abortive by the strange malady which about that time began to overcloud his splendid genius.

At length, in 1772, it was generally felt that Parliament could no longer neglect the affairs of India. The

10 Government was stronger than any which had held power since the breach between Mr. Pitt and the great Whig connection in 1761. No pressing question of domestic or European policy required the attention of public men. There was a short and delusive lull be-

15 tween two tempests. The excitement produced by the Middlesex election was over; the discontents of America did not yet threaten civil war; the financial difficulties of the Company brought on a crisis; the Ministers were forced to take up the subject; and the whole storm, which

20 had long been gathering, now broke at once on the head of Clive.

His situation was indeed singularly unfortunate. He was hated throughout the country, hated at the India House, hated, above all, by those wealthy and powerful

25 servants of the Company, whose rapacity and tyranny he had withstood. He had to bear the double odium of his bad and of his good actions, of every Indian abuse and of every Indian reform. The state of the political world was such that he could count on the support of no powerful connection. The party to which

he had belonged, that of George Grenville, had been hostile to the Government, and yet had never cordially united with the other sections of the Opposition, with the little band which still followed the fortunes of Lord Chatham, or with the large and respectable body of which Lord Rockingham was the acknowledged leader. George Grenville was now dead: his followers were scattered; and Clive, unconnected with any of the powerful factions which divided the Parliament, could reckon only on the votes of those members who were returned by himself. His enemies, particularly those who were the enemies of his virtues, were unscrupulous, ferocious, implacable. Their malevolence aimed at nothing less than the utter ruin of his fame and fortune. They wished to see him expelled from Parliament, to see his spurs chopped off, to see his estate confiscated; and it may be doubted whether even such a result as this would have quenched their thirst for revenge.

Clive's parliamentary tactics resembled his military tactics. Deserted, surrounded, outnumbered, and with everything at stake, he did not even deign to stand on the defensive, but pushed boldly forward to the attack. At an early stage of the discussions on Indian affairs he rose, and, in a long and elaborate speech, vindicated himself from a large part of the accusations which had been brought against him. He is said to have produced a great impression on his audience. Lord Chatham who, now the ghost of his former self, loved to haunt the scene of his glory, was that night under the gallery of the House of Commons, and declared that he had never

heard a finer speech. It was subsequently printed under Clive's direction, and, when the fullest allowance has been made for the assistance which he may have obtained from literary friends, proves him to have possessed, not
5 merely strong sense and a manly spirit, but talents both for disquisition and declamation which assiduous culture might have improved into the highest excellence. He confined his defence on this occasion to the measures of his last administration, and succeeded so far that his
10 enemies thenceforth thought it expedient to direct their attacks chiefly against the earlier part of his life.

The earlier part of his life unfortunately presented some assailable points to their hostility. A committee was chosen by ballot to inquire into the affairs of India;
15 and by this committee the whole history of that great revolution which threw down Surajah Dowlah, and raised Meer Jaffier was sifted with malignant care. Clive was subjected to the most unsparing examination and cross-examination, and afterwards bitterly complained that he,
20 the Baron of Plassey, had been treated like a sheep-stealer. The boldness and ingenuousness of his replies would alone suffice to show how alien from his nature were the frauds to which, in the course of his eastern negotiations, he had sometimes descended. He avowed
25 the arts which he had employed to deceive Omichund, and resolutely said that he was not ashamed of them, and that, in the same circumstances, he would again act in the same manner. He admitted that he had received immense sums from Meer Jaffier; but he denied that, in doing so, he had violated any obligation of morality or

honor. He laid claim, on the contrary, and not without some reason, to the praise of eminent disinterestedness. He described in vivid language the situation in which his victory had placed him; great princes dependent on his pleasure; an opulent city afraid of being given up 5 to plunder; wealthy bankers bidding against each other for his smiles; vaults piled with gold and jewels thrown open to him alone. "By God, Mr. Chairman," he exclaimed, "at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation." 10

The inquiry was so extensive that the Houses rose before it had been completed. It was continued in the following session. When at length the committee had concluded its labors, enlightened and impartial men had little difficulty in making up their minds as to the result. 15 It was clear that Clive had been guilty of some acts which it is impossible to vindicate without attacking the authority of all the most sacred laws which regulate the intercourse of individuals and of states. But it was equally clear that he had displayed great talents, and 20 even great virtues; that he had rendered eminent services both to his country and to the people of India; and that it was in truth not for his dealings with Meer Jaffier, nor for the fraud which he had practised on Omichund, but for his determined resistance to avarice and tyranny, 25 that he was now called in question.

Ordinary criminal justice knows nothing of set-off. The greatest desert cannot be pleaded in answer to a charge of the slightest transgression. If a man has sold beer on Sunday morning, it is no defence that he has

saved the life of a fellow-creature at the risk of his own. If he has harnessed a Newfoundland dog to his little child's carriage, it is no defence that he was wounded at Waterloo. But it is not in this way that we ought to
5 deal with men who, raised far above ordinary restraints, and tried by far more than ordinary temptations, are entitled to a more than ordinary measure of indulgence. Such men should be judged by their contemporaries as they will be judged by posterity. Their bad actions
10 ought not, indeed, to be called good; but their good and bad actions ought to be fairly weighed; and if on the whole the good preponderate, the sentence ought to be one, not merely of acquittal, but of approbation. Not a
15 single great ruler in history can be absolved by a judge who fixes his eye inexorably on one or two unjustifiable acts. Bruce the deliverer of Scotland, Maurice the deliverer of Germany, William the deliverer of Holland, his great descendant the deliverer of England, Murray the good regent, Cosmo the father of his country,
20 Henry the Fourth of France, Peter the Great of Russia, how would the best of them pass such a scrutiny? History takes wider views; and the best tribunal for great political cases is the tribunal which anticipates the verdict of history.

25 Reasonable and moderate men of all parties felt this in Clive's case. They could not pronounce him blameless; but they were not disposed to abandon him to that low-minded and rancorous pack who had run him down and were eager to worry him to death. Lord North, though not very friendly to him, was not disposed to go

to extremities against him. While the inquiry was still in progress, Clive, who had some years before been created a Knight of the Bath, was installed with great pomp in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. He was soon after appointed Lord Lieutenant of Shropshire. When he kissed hands, George the Third, who had always been partial to him, admitted him to a private audience, talked to him half an hour on Indian politics, and was visibly affected when the persecuted general spoke of his services and of the way in which they had been required.

At length the charges came in a definite form before the House of Commons. Burgoyne, chairman of the committee, a man of wit, fashion, and honor, an agreeable dramatic writer, an officer whose courage was never questioned, and whose skill was at that time highly esteemed, appeared as the accuser. The members of the administration took different sides; for in that age all questions were open questions, except such as were brought forward by the Government, or such as implied some censure on the Government. Thurlow, the Attorney-General, was among the assailants. Wedderburne, the Solicitor-General, strongly attached to Clive, defended his friend with extraordinary force of argument and language. It is a curious circumstance that, some years later, Thurlow was the most conspicuous champion of Warren Hastings; while Wedderburne was among the most unrelenting persecutors of that great though not faultless statesman. Clive spoke in his own defence at less length and with less art than in the

preceding year, but with much energy and pathos. He recounted his great actions and his wrongs; and, after bidding his hearers remember, that they were about to decide not only on his honor but on their own, he
5 retired from the House.

The Commons resolved that acquisitions made by the arms of the State belong to the State alone, and that it is illegal in the servants of the State to appropriate such acquisitions to themselves. They resolved that
10 this wholesome rule appeared to have been systematically violated by the English functionaries in Bengal. On a subsequent day they went a step farther, and resolved that Clive had, by means of the power which he possessed as commander of the British forces in
15 India, obtained large sums from Meer Jaffier. Here the Commons stopped. They had voted the major and minor of Burgoyne's syllogism; but they shrank from drawing the logical conclusion. When it was moved that Lord Clive had abused his powers, and set an evil exam-
20 ple to the servants of the public, the previous question was put and carried. At length, long after the sun had risen on an animated debate, Wedderburne moved that Lord Clive had at the same time rendered great and meritorious services to his country; and this motion
25 passed without a division.

The result of this memorable inquiry appears to us, on the whole honorable to the justice, moderation, and discernment of the Commons. They had indeed no great temptation to do wrong. They would have been very bad judges of an accusation brought against Jen-

kinson or against Wilkes. But the question respecting Clive was not a party question; and the House accordingly acted with the good sense and good feeling which may always be expected from an assembly of English gentlemen, not blinded by faction. 5

The equitable and temperate proceedings of the British Parliament were set off to the greatest advantage by a foil. The wretched government of Lewis the Fifteenth had murdered, directly or indirectly, almost every Frenchman who had served his country with distinction in the East. Labourdonnais was flung into the Bastille, and, after years of suffering, left it only to die. Dupleix, stripped of his immense fortune, and broken-hearted by humiliating attendance in antechambers, sank into an obscure grave. Lally was dragged to the common place of execution with a gag between his lips. The Commons of England, on the other hand, treated their living captain with that discriminating justice which is seldom shown except to the dead. They laid down sound general principles; they delicately pointed out where he had deviated from those principles; and they tempered the gentle censure with liberal eulogy. The contrast struck Voltaire, always partial to England, and always eager to expose the abuses of the Parliaments of France. Indeed he seems, at this time, to have meditated a history of the conquest of Bengal. He mentioned his design to Dr. Moore when that amusing writer visited him at Ferney. Wedderburne took great interest in the matter, and pressed Clive to furnish materials. Had the plan been carried into execution, we have no doubt 20 25

that Voltaire would have produced a book containing much lively and picturesque narrative, many just and humane sentiments poignantly expressed, many grotesque blunders, many sneers at the Mosaic chronology, 5 much scandal about the Catholic missionaries, and much sublime theo-philanthropy, stolen from the New Testament, and put into the mouths of virtuous and philosophical Brahmins.

Clive was now secure in the enjoyment of his fortune 10 and his honors. He was surrounded by attached friends and relations; and he had not yet passed the season of vigorous bodily and mental exertion. But clouds had long been gathering over his mind, and now settled on it in thick darkness. From early youth he had been 15 subject to fits of that strange melancholy "which rejoiceth exceedingly and is glad when it can find the grave." While still a writer at Madras, he had twice attempted to destroy himself. Business and prosperity had produced a salutary effect on his spirits. In India, 20 while he was occupied by great affairs, in England, while wealth and rank had still the charm of novelty, he had borne up against his constitutional misery. But he had now nothing to do, and nothing to wish for. His active spirit in an inactive situation drooped and 25 withered like a plant in an uncongenial air. The malignity with which his enemies had pursued him; the indignity with which he had been treated by the committee; the censure, lenient as it was, which the House of Commons had pronounced; the knowledge that he was regarded by a large portion of his countrymen as a

cruel and perfidious tyrant, —all concurred to irritate and depress him. In the mean time, his temper was tried by acute physical suffering. During his long residence in tropical climates, he had contracted several painful distempers. In order to obtain ease he called in the help of opium; and he was gradually enslaved by this treacherous ally. To the last, however, his genius occasionally flashed through the gloom. It was said that he would sometimes, after sitting silent and torpid for hours, rouse himself to the discussion of some great question, would display in full vigor all the talents of the soldier and the statesman, and would then sink back into his melancholy repose.

The disputes with America had now become so serious that an appeal to the sword seemed inevitable; and the Ministers were desirous to avail themselves of the services of Clive. Had he still been what he was when he raised the siege of Patna, and annihilated the Dutch army and navy at the mouth of the Ganges, it is not improbable that the resistance of the Colonists would have been put down, and that the inevitable separation would have been deferred for a few years. But it was too late. His strong mind was fast sinking under many kinds of suffering. On the twenty-second of November, 1774, he died by his own hand. He had just completed his forty-ninth year.

In the awful close of so much prosperity and glory, the vulgar saw only a confirmation of all their prejudices; and some men of real piety and genius so far forgot the maxims both of religion and of philosophy as

confidently to ascribe the mournful event to the just vengeance of God, and to the horrors of an evil conscience. It is with very different feelings that we contemplate the spectacle of a great mind ruined by the
5 weariness of satiety, by the pangs of wounded honor, by fatal diseases, and more fatal remedies.

Clive committed great faults; and we have not attempted to disguise them. But his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his
10 temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honorable place in the estimation of posterity.

From his first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the East. Till he appeared, his countrymen were despised as mere pedlers, while the French
15 were revered as a people formed for victory and command. His courage and capacity dissolved the charm. With the defence of Arcot commences that long series of Oriental triumphs which closes with the fall of Ghizni. Nor must we forget that he was only twenty-
20 five years old when he approved himself ripe for military command. This is a rare if not a singular distinction. It is true that Alexander, Condé, and Charles the Twelfth, won great battles at a still earlier age; but those princes were surrounded by veteran generals of
25 distinguished skill, to whose suggestions must be attributed the victories of the Granicus, of Rocroi, and of Narva. Clive, an inexperienced youth, had yet more experience than any of those who served under him. He had to form himself, to form his officers, and to form his army. The only man, as far as we recollect,

who at an equally early age ever gave equal proof of talents for war, was Napoleon Bonaparte.

From Clive's second visit to India dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country. His dexterity and resolution realized, in the course of a few 5 months, more than all the gorgeous visions which had floated before the imagination of Duplex. Such an extent of cultivated territory, such an amount of revenue, such a multitude of subjects, was never added to the dominion of Rome by the most successful pro-consul. 10 Nor were such wealthy spoils ever borne under arches of triumph, down the Sacred Way, and through the crowded Forum, to the threshold of Tarpeian Jove. The fame of those who subdued Antiochus and Tigranes grows dim when compared with the splendor of the 15 exploits which the young English adventurer achieved at the head of an army not equal in numbers to one-half of a Roman legion.

From Clive's third visit to India dates the purity of the administration of our Eastern empire. When he 20 landed in Calcutta in 1765, Bengal was regarded as a place to which Englishmen were sent only to get rich, by any means, in the shortest possible time. He first made dauntless and unsparing war on that gigantic system of oppression, extortion, and corruption. In that 25 war he manfully put to hazard his ease, his fame, and his splendid fortune. The same sense of justice which forbids us to conceal or extenuate the faults of his earlier days compels us to admit that these faults were nobly repaired. If the reproach of the Company and of its

servants has been taken away, if in India the yoke of foreign masters, elsewhere the heaviest of all yokes, has been found lighter than that of any native dynasty, if to that gang of public robbers which formerly spread
5 terror through the whole plain of Bengal has succeeded a body of functionaries not more highly distinguished by ability and diligence than by integrity, disinterestedness, and public spirit, if we now see such men as Munro, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe, after leading victori-
10 ous armies, after making and deposing kings, return, proud of their honorable poverty, from a land which once held out to every greedy factor the hope of boundless wealth, the praise is in no small measure due to Clive. His name stands high on the roll of conquerors.
15 But it is found in a better list, — in the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind. To the warrior, history will assign a place in the same rank with Lucullus and Trajan. Nor will she deny to the reformer a share of that veneration with which
20 France cherishes the memory of Turgot, and with which the latest generations of Hindoos will contemplate the statue of Lord William Bentinck.

INTRODUCTION TO NOTES.

“THE originality of form and treatment which Macaulay gave to the historical essay has not, perhaps, received due recognition. Without having invented it, he so greatly improved and expanded it that he deserves nearly as much credit as if he had. He did for the historical essay what Haydn did for the sonata, and Watt for the steam-engine: he found it rudimentary and unimportant, and left it complete, and a thing of power. Before his time there was the ponderous history, generally in quarto, and there was the antiquarian dissertation. There was also the historical review, containing alternate pages of extract and comment, generally dull and gritty. But the historical essay, as he conceived it, and with the prompt inspiration of a real discoverer immediately put into practical shape, was as good as unknown before him. To take a bright period or personage of history, to frame it in a firm outline, to conceive it at once in article size, and then to fill in this limited canvas with sparkling anecdote, telling bits of color, and facts all fused together by a real genius for narrative, was the sort of genre-painting which Macaulay applied to history. And to this day his essays remain the best of their class, not only in England, but in Europe. Slight, or even trivial, in the field of historical erudition and critical inquiry, they are masterpieces if regarded in the light of great popular cartoons on subjects taken from modern history. They are painted, indeed, with such freedom, vividness, and power, that they may be said to enjoy a sort of tacit monopoly of the periods and characters to which they refer, in the estimation of the general public.” — J. COTTER MORRISON.

NOTES.

PAGE 13, LINE 1. **We have always, etc.** In these very first lines, we find exemplified the mathematical symmetry of structure of the typical Macaulay sentence. With the exception of the one clause "even among ourselves," the arrangement of the two parts of the antithesis is identical. Similar sentences will be found on every page of the essay; to analyze a dozen of them would be a profitable exercise for the student.

P. 13, l. 6. **Montezuma.** The student who does not answer to Macaulay's description of "every schoolboy," may consult Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," Book V., Chap. 1.

P. 13, l. 6. **Atahualpa.** See Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," Book III., Chap. 7.

P. 13, l. 9. **The battle of Buxar.** "Near the town of Buxar in Bengal, on October 23, 1764, Major, afterwards Sir Hector Monro, gained a great victory over the Nabob of Bude. . . . The Nabob was the only chief of any importance in the North, and the victory thus made the English complete masters of the Valley of the Ganges from the Himalayas to the sea." — C. B.

P. 13, l. 10. **The massacre of Patna.** "Meer Cassim, Nabob of Bengal, having been overthrown by the English in the battle of Gheriah, Aug. 2, 1763, proceeded by way of revenge to massacre the English prisoners at Patna." — C. B.

P. 13, l. 11. **Holkar.** A Hindu Mahratta chief; long a formidable enemy to the English in Central India. He died in 1811.

P. 13, l. 12. **The victories of Cortez, etc.** Consult Prescott to see how far this statement is accurate.

P. 13, l. 20. **The people of India, etc.** Macaulay "can conjure up in a moment a long vista of majestic similes, which attracts the eye like a range of snow-capped mountains. Take, for instance, the

opening passages of the articles on 'Lord Clive' and 'Ranke's History of the Popes.' As soon as the curtain rises, a grand panorama seems spread out before us." — COTTER MORRISON. But are the illustrations in this paragraph technically similes?

PAGE 14, LINE 5. **Buildings more beautiful and costly, etc.** More costly, perhaps, but not more beautiful. Indian architecture is artistically weak, though often gorgeous. "The general result produces a conviction that in this art, as in many other things, the Hindus display more richness and beauty in details, than greatness in the conception of the whole." — ELPHINSTONE'S "History of India."

P. 14, l. 10. **The Great Captain.** "Gonsalvo Hernandez de Cordova, born in 1443, so far distinguished himself in the wars against the Moors under Ferdinand and Isabella, and again in the recovery of Naples from the French, as to gain the title of the Great Captain. He was, at one time, Viceroy of Naples, but lost the favor of the king, and died in 1515." — C. B.

P. 14, l. 11. **It might have been expected, etc.** The first instance in this Essay of Macaulay's mastery over the elaborate periodic sentence.

P. 14, l. 19. **Mr. Mill's book.** James Mill, utilitarian-economist, historian, and father of John Stuart Mill, published his "History of British India" in 1818.

P. 14, l. 21. **Orme.** Robert Orme was a contemporary and acquaintance of Clive. His elaborate History has, therefore, real value. He died in 1801.

P. 15, l. 1. **Sir John Malcolm.** "Sir John Malcolm, a distinguished soldier and diplomatist. . . . He spent most of his life in the service of the East India Company, filling at last the post of Governor of Bombay, in 1827. In 1831 he returned to England, and devoted the remaining years of his life to Parliament and to literary pursuits. His most valuable work is the 'History of Persia.'" — C. B.

P. 15, l. 2. **The late Lord Powis.** Clive's eldest son.

P. 15, l. 16. **Whose love, etc.** One of Macaulay's frequent Scriptural expressions. "Like Burke and like Ruskin at the present day, Macaulay was so saturated with the noble language of our Recognized Version of the Bible, that its phrases and turns of expression are to be found on almost any of his pages." — C. B.

P. 15, l. 19. **The severe judgment of Mr. Mill.** "With great audacity, both military and political, fortunately adapted to the scene

in which he acted, and with considerable skill in the adaptation of temporary expedients to temporary exigences, he had no capacity for a comprehensive scheme, including any moderate anticipation for the future" ("History of British India," vol. iii. p. 492).

PAGE 16, LINE 5. **Avocations.** This word is incorrectly used. "Vocation" is an occupation; "Avocation," by good usage as well as by derivation, applies to something which calls away from business.

P. 17, l. 12. **The East India Company.** The most famous commercial company which the world has ever known. It was founded by Queen Elizabeth, in 1600, at a time when the East seemed like a strange fairyland, and when the love of romance and adventure was a far more potent motive than the desire for money. From its origin, the history of the Company is interwoven with the history and the glory of England. Out of its work has directly sprung the British Empire in the East. It has had power, such as no other trading organization ever possessed; for in 1624 the permission to inflict capital punishment on its servants was given it, and it thus became a body of rulers as well as of merchants. Factories were established at various places in India, and each factory became a centre for English rule. Time passed; the seat of trade changed to a seat of government; the president of the factory became a governor of a Province; and the despotic oligarchical rule of the last India Company was assured. As early as 1710, dominion and the increase of revenue had become its primary objects, far more than the increase of trade. This is not the place to speak of the financial vicissitudes which have marked the management of the Company's affairs: they constitute the romance of the business world.

At the time when Clive reached India, the French, the English, and the Dutch, were disputing the field; the Portuguese, the only other important nation which ever gained a footing in India, having lost their hold in the middle of the seventeenth century. The fortunes of the rival nations are told by Macaulay.

P. 19, l. 13. **The Great Mogul.** Timur, or Tamerlane, re-established, in the fourteenth century, the great Mongolian Empire in Central Asia. After his death the empire was divided, but in 1519, Baber, a descendant of Timur, founded in India a powerful monarchy, which endured in reality till the close of the eighteenth century, and in name till our own day. It reached its greatest power and glory in the reign of Aurungzebe, 1658-1707. The Emperor bore the title of

the Great Mogul, and the governors of provinces under him were called Nabobs. For a description of the Mongolian Empire see the Essay, pp. 24-26.

PAGE 19, LINE 14. **Those names, etc.** The rest of the paragraph is an excellent instance of Macaulay's rhetorical power and his triumphant patriotism.

P. 21, l. 12. **Wallenstein.** The hero of Schiller's great trilogy, Wallenstein's Camp, the Piccolomini and the Death of Wallenstein. Coleridge has a noble translation of the last two.

P. 21, l. 18. **War of the Austrian succession, 1741-1748.** Caused by the rival claims to the Austrian throne of Maria Theresa and the Elector of Bavaria. Fought between France, Spain, and Prussia, on the one hand, and England and Holland on the other. See Macaulay's Essay on Frederick the Great.

P. 21, l. 26. **Labourdonnais, 1699-1755.** "Entered the French East India Company at the age of nineteen, and soon rose to distinction. In 1734 appointed governor-general of Ile de France and Bourbon."—C. B. St. Pierre has an allusion to him in "Paul and Virginia."

P. 22, l. 12. **Dupleix.** "Joseph Dupleix was a French merchant, who so distinguished himself in trade, that in 1742 he was appointed governor of Pondicherry (see map), and director-general of the French factories in India. He died in poverty in 1763, nine years after his shameful recall."—C. B.

P. 23, l. 11. **His personal courage, etc.** Browning has, in his Dramatic Idyls, a long poem on Clive, which must refer to this episode in the "great unhappy hero's" life. The poem, told after Clive's death by an old comrade, is of deep and vigorous power. A few lines give, perhaps, the best reason for our interest in Clive.

"Power is power, my boy, and still
Marks a man, — God's gift magnific, exercised for good or ill.
You've your boot now on my hearth-rug, tread what was a tiger's skin:
Rarely such a royal monster as I lodged the bullet in!
True, he murdered half a village, so his own death came to pass:
Still, for size and beauty, cunning, courage, ah, the brute he was!
Why, that Clive, — that youth, that greenhorn, that quill-driving clerk, in
fine —
He sustained a siege in Arcot. . . . But the world knows! Pass the wine —"

P. 23, l. 23. **Peace had been concluded.** The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Oct. 7, 1848.

PAGE 24, LINE 5. **The English and French companies.** "The settlements of the French in the East at this time were more extensive, and of far greater political importance, than those of the English, whose sole aim hitherto has been trade, and not political power. Besides, the French kept a much greater number of regular troops on foot."—C. B. The French East India Company was founded in 1664, and flourished for one hundred and five years. Between 1735 and 1741, the French began to interfere in the political affairs of India, and soon became known and feared as a political, no less than as a commercial company. In 1741, Dupleix was appointed governor-general of the French possessions in India.

P. 24, l. 8. **The house of Tamerlane.** See note, page 19, line 13.

P. 25, l. 6. **Fierce tribes of Hindoos.** The Mahrattas, or native inhabitants of the peninsula of Southern India, who became in the reign of Aurungzebe thoroughly rebellious under the rule of the Mohammedan House of Baber.

P. 25, l. 23. **Theodosius.** Emperor of the East, died in 395. His descendants sank into insignificance, while the empire was overrun by the barbarian hordes of the Goths and Vandals, and governed by eunuchs and women.

These paragraphs are in Macaulay's best historical manner. The clearness and vividness of the presentation, and the light thrown on the less familiar by the more familiar history, blind us to the fact that the analogy presented is only superficial; but the spirited vitality of the whole passage is admirable.

P. 26, l. 11. **Gog or Magog.** Revelation xx. 8.

P. 27, l. 3. **Bang.** The same as the famous Turkish narcotic, hashish.

P. 27, l. 9. **Roe.** Sir Thomas Roe was sent by James I. in 1615 as ambassador to the court of the Great Mogul. Sir Thomas brought back a glowing account of the magnificence of Eastern life.

P. 27, l. 10. **Bernier.** "François Bernier, a celebrated French traveller, who resided twelve years at the court of Aurungzebe as his physician. His 'Travels' which have always been popular, and have been translated into many languages, were published in 1688."—C. B.

P. 27, l. 10. **The Peacock Throne,** at Delhi, was supposed to cost \$32,500,000.

P. 27, l. 12. **Mountain of Light.** The Kôh-i-nûr is now in possession of Queen Victoria, having been given to her by the East India Company in 1850.

PAGE 27, LINE 15. **The idol of Orissa.** Jagannâth, well known to us under the more familiar name of Juggernaut.

P. 28, l. 7. **Every region.** See how this general statement is intensified and made real to us by being translated into specific terms in the next sentence. His power of putting things in the concrete is one great source of Macaulay's charm.

P. 28, l. 23. **Mahratta ditch.** "Made in 1742, as a defence against the Mahrattas." — C. B.

P. 29, l. 9. **In what was this confusion to end?** This paragraph should be carefully studied, as an example of Macaulay's most resounding rhetoric, his power of bringing near and far into picturesque proximity, and the one trait which he shares with Milton — his delight in proper names. Few of us are intimately acquainted with the Burram-pooter; but fewer can restrain a thrill of exultation as its sonorous syllables meet our eye.

P. 30, l. 14. **Saxe.** Maurice de Saxe, 1696–1750. One of the most dashing, brilliant, and disreputable military figures of the eighteenth century.

P. 31, l. 24. **The Carnatic.** See map.

P. 32, l. 17. **Sepoys.** "A corruption of 'Sipahî,' Hindustani for *soldier*." — C. B.

P. 32, l. 23. **The eloquence of Burke.** "Edmund Burke (1730–1797). The speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts is here referred to. This speech, one of the most impassioned Burke ever made, and in Lord Brougham's opinion, by far his finest, was delivered in 1785; in it there is more wealth of imagery, more invective, and more sarcasm, than perhaps in any other of his. The following passage is especially noteworthy, and will serve as an excellent contrast to Macaulay's style:—'All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land.'" — C. B.

P. 34, l. 13. **He determined to erect a column,** etc. Macaulay himself shows later, that this act was not, necessarily, the result of a

pompous love of show, but founded on a profound appreciation of the best methods of inspiring respect in the Eastern mind.

PAGE 34, LINE 19. **Which is, being interpreted.** Another biblical phrase.

P. 35, l. 13. **Clive was now, etc.** Here the introductory and retrospective portion of the essay ends, and the subject proper begins. Macaulay is always careful about the proportions of the different parts of his works.

P. 36, l. 16. **Preparations for sustaining a siege.** The siege of Arcot is the first of the famous episodes of the essay. It is the kind of a story that thrills all Englishmen, and all who hold kinship to the English.

"Fear I naturally look for — unless, of all men alive, I am forced to make exception when I come to Robert Clive, Since at Arcot, Plassey, elsewhere, he and death — the whole world knows — Came to somewhat closer quarters —"

P. 38, l. 1. **The Tenth Legion of Cæsar.** See the Commentaries.

P. 38, l. 1. **The Old Guard of Napoleon.** "The Imperial Guard was formed by Napoleon in 1804, and in 1809 was divided by him into the *Old* and *Young Guard*. As soldiers could not be enrolled in the former till they had served four campaigns in the line with distinction, or from the preparatory corps of the Young Guard, it was an institution of the highest military policy. In 1812 the Imperial Guard numbered 56,000 men. It was dissolved by Louis XVIII. in 1815, and revived by Napoleon III. in 1854. — It took part in the Crimean War of 1855." — C. B.

P. 39, l. 6. **Hosein, son of Ali.** Notice the rhetorical effect of contrast in this pathetic episode, and the skill with which it leads up to an added impressiveness in the military story.

P. 44, l. 1. **Captain Bobadil.** "A braggart Captain in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour.'" — C. B.

P. 44, l. 20. **The spirit of Dupleix.** Note the felicitous interweaving of long and short sentences in the rest of this paragraph.

P. 45, l. 17. **Crimps.** "'Crimps' were kidnappers of men, who entrapped them, and kept them like fish in a stew till they could dispose of them to the army or navy; Dutch *krimpe*, a stew where fish are kept till they are wanted, from *krimpen*, to contract. The root occurs in various modified forms in a very large number of English

words, e. g. *cramp*, *rumple*, *scrample*, *crump-footed* or *club-footed*, etc. 'Crimping' or 'pressing' was declared illegal by Parliament in 1641; but the first war in which we can be certain that it was not resorted to was the Crimean War of 1854-5." — C. B.

PAGE 46, LINE 13. **He married at this time**, etc. It is amusing to note the summary way, so different from modern fashions, in which Macaulay dismisses his hero's private life.

P. 46, l. 24. **There was then general peace**. Macaulay's summaries are always worth study.

P. 49, l. 3. **Swept away by the Reform Act of 1832**. This Act, which Macaulay himself saw carried and helped to carry, always seemed to him one of the noblest triumphs of English history. The bill "settled forever the question which was so fiercely and so gravely debated during the discussions of the reform years, whether the English constitution is or is not based upon a system of popular representation." — JUSTIN MCCARTHY. It abolished many rotten boroughs, and gave, for the first time, the right of representation in Parliament to such towns as Manchester and Leeds.

P. 49, l. 16. **Sir Robert Walpole**. See Macaulay's essays on "Horace Walpole's Letters," and on Lord Mahon's "War of the Succession in Spain."

P. 51, l. 13. **Of the provinces**, etc. This paragraph shows Macaulay's remarkable skill in the vivid presentation of the setting or background to his narrative. Natural products, art and commerce, relation to the rest of the world and the characteristics of inhabitants, are all set before us with firm and concrete detail within the compass of a page.

P. 53, l. 17. **Together with**. A vulgar pleonasm.

P. 56, l. 1. **It was the summer solstice**. June 20, 1756.

P. 56, l. 16. **Ugolino**. "Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, podestà of Pisa, was starved to death with his children by Archbishop Ruggieri, his fellow-conspirator, and afterwards his bitter enemy. Dante (*Inferno*, xxxiii.) represents him frozen with Ruggieri in a crevice of ice, gnawing his murderer's skull. For an account of him and his death, see Napier's 'Florentine History,' i. 318, and Villani, vii. 128. Chaucer relates the story in his 'Monke's Tale,' following Dante's version closely enough. Ugolino tells Dante how his children died one after the other, and how he fondled their dead bodies 'till hunger did what sorrow could not do.'" — C. B.

PAGE 56, LINE 19. **They cried for mercy, etc.** "This passage is a perfect example of nervous incisive narrative. The words seem to come with short, quickened breath, through clenched teeth. Especially noticeable, though the idea is taken from Orme, are the contrasts in, 'At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. *The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened.*' Here the shortness of the sentences is entirely a gain."—C. B.

P. 60, l. 8. **With this negotiation.** This digression shows the entire self-confidence with which Macaulay explains to us the character of a man whom others might find it somewhat hard to apprehend. It is an interesting study to compare his luminous, direct, shallow method with the progressive faint suggestions through which Browning, in the poem already mentioned, hints to us a deeper if less symmetrical conception. Browning, however, treats of the military, rather than the statesmanlike side of Clive.

P. 63, l. 7. **The Nabob, etc.** From this point, the quick force of the narrative is in Macaulay's best manner. The very shortness of the sentences insures rapidity of movement over those preliminaries to the great battle-piece which might otherwise be tedious.

P. 67, l. 11. **Before him lay a river, etc.** It is hardly necessary to allude to Cæsar and the Rubicon.

P. 68, l. 14. **The furies of those, etc.** "Compare, for instance, the 'Eumenides' of the great trilogy of Æschylus. The Furies, or Eumenides, represented the avenging forces of the moral order of the world, and were believed never to rest till expiation had been made for crime. (See Schlegel's 'Dramatic Literature,' Lecture vi.)"—C. B.

P. 68. l. 18. **At sunrise.** "The morning of June 23. The numbers given as those of the Nabob's army, differ much in the different accounts. Orme says 50,000 foot and 18,000 horse; Scrafton, in his 'Reflections,' says 50,000 foot and 20,000 horse; while Clive himself ('Life,' i. 263) says 35,000 foot and 15,000 horse. To estimate the numbers in a battle is always difficult, and nothing better than a rough approximation can ever be obtained. Macaulay's battle pieces are always fine examples of picturesque vigor. They are elaborated with great care; and we find from his journal ('Life,' ii. 218) that he made a point of visiting the localities whenever this was possible. They form some of the most brilliant touches of his brilliant history."—C. B.

PAGE 73, LINE 1. **We should not think it necessary, etc.** A typically English passage in its complacent and honorable pride of conscious integrity, its intentional abstinence from the "romantic" or "high-flown," and its successful defence of uprightness on even the lowest grounds.

P. 73, l. 17. **Machiavelli.** An Italian statesman of the sixteenth century, whose name is somewhat unfairly associated with the inculcation of a cynical and devious policy.

P. 73, l. 18. **Borgia.** Cæsar Borgia, patron of Machiavelli, one of the vilest characters of history. See Macaulay's essay on Machiavelli.

P. 74, l. 28. **Rupees.** An Indian silver coin, worth then about fifty cents. Since depreciated in value.

P. 76, l. 23. **Florins and byzants.** This one touch brings before us all the past of India, and connects it with some of the most glowing episodes of the past of Europe. Florins were first made by the Florentines, in the Middle Ages, and from them received their name. Byzants or bezants was "an ancient piece of gold coin, offered by the French kings at the mass of their consecration at Rheims, and called a *Byzantine*, as a coin of this description was first struck at Byzantium or Constantinople." Jamieson, "Scottish Dictionary."

P. 76, l. 24. **Before any European ship, etc.** "The power of Venice in the East dates from the Latin conquest of Constantinople, in which she took part, and obtained, in return for her services, many islands and important posts on the coast of Asia Minor, the starting-point of her great Eastern dominion."—C. B.

P. 76, l. 28. **He accepted between two and three hundred thousand pounds.** "The amount he accepted did not exceed sixteen lacs, or 160,000*l.* As one of the committee he also received 28,000*l.* When in after times he was accused of rapacity, he indignantly replied, 'When I recollect entering the treasury of Moorshedabad, with the heaps of gold and silver to the right hand and to the left, and these crowned with jewels, I stand astonished at my own moderation.' See also 'Life,' i. 313."—C. B.

P. 78, l. 7. **There is no act, etc.** No form of argument is more popularly effective—or, we may add, more likely to be fallacious—than that from analogy. Macaulay's rhetorical sweep of illustration gives him peculiar control over this form.

P. 83, l. 13. **Quit-rent.** A rent paid in money in discharge of services which would otherwise be due.

PAGE 84, LINE 3. **The fame of the Dutch.** The power of the Dutch in India, though never equal to that of the French or English, was yet at one time very great. Their chief settlements were, however, on Java, Sumatra and Ceylon, rather than on the mainland. The Dutch East India Company was formed early in the seventeenth century.

P. 85, l. 25. **Clive sailed for England.** The clearness of structure of this essay is partly due to the marked periods into which the life of Clive naturally falls, but it also bears witness to Macaulay's skill in narration. The student should draw up an analysis of the essay, showing its component parts.

P. 86, l. 4. **Pitt.** William Pitt the elder, the "Great Commoner," 1708-1778. See Macaulay's early essay on him.

P. 86, l. 7. **That memorable period.** 1759. It was the time of the Seven Years' War and the conquest of Canada, as well as of the establishment of the British East Indian Empire.

P. 86, l. 12. **There were then no reporters.** Debates were nominally private till 1771, and reporters' galleries were not erected in the Houses of Parliament till 1834.

P. 86, l. 17. **Wolfe.** Died at the siege of Quebec, Sept. 13, 1759.

P. 86, l. 18. **The Duke of Cumberland.** An incompetent and cruel man, second son of George II. His one victory was over the Scots at Culloden.

P. 86, l. 22. **Conway, Granby, Sackville.** Generals in the Seven Years' War.

P. 86, l. 29. **A foreign general.** Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

P. 88, l. 17. **George Grenville.** "His ministry (1763-1765) was made chiefly remarkable for the recklessness displayed in his struggle with the press, and the shortsighted arrogance and folly which drove the American colonies into revolt."

For a description of Grenville and his followers, see Burke's speech on American Taxation, p. 146, "Clarendon Press Series."

P. 88, l. 19. **Wilkes.** A demagogue indeed, of disgraceful private life, yet a man whose passion for agitation partly brought about three great advances in the English constitution. He helped to establish the freedom of the press and the publicity of the debates in Parliament, and he roused the people to the need of parliamentary reform. See Green's "Short History," Chap. x. section II.

PAGE 88, LINE 28. **Your Majesty will have another vote.** "There is reference here to the party formed by the king, with the object 'of restoring to the crown that absolute direction and control which Charles I. and James II. had been forced to relinquish, and from which George I. and George II. had quietly abstained.' Earl Russell, Preface to 'Bedford Corresp.' iii. p. xxix. See also 'Junius,' April 22, 1771, and Burke's celebrated pamphlet on 'Present Discontents,' which is one long vigorous attack on the king's party."—C. B.

P. 89, l. 19. **Grampound Election.** Grampound was a peculiarly corrupt borough in Cornwall. Political bribery was, at this time, open and barefaced.

P. 89, l. 30. **Enters the service.** The Indian civil service is still in England a favorite resource for young men. It is now entered by competitive examination.

P. 90, l. 10. **Sudder courts.** Formerly courts of the highest civil and criminal jurisdiction for Hindus in all the presidencies. When Macaulay was in India, in 1836, he incurred the bitter enmity of the resident English by advocating that their law-cases, as well as those of the natives, should be tried in the Sudder courts. Of course this was the only equitable method.

P. 90, l. 25. **Pigot.** Lord Pigot, Governor of Madras. He amassed in India \$2,000,000.

P. 91, l. 5. **South Sea year.** Early in the eighteenth century, the sudden increase of commerce aroused a passion for speculation. The South Sea company, ostensibly backed up by the unknown wealth of South America, and countenanced by government, inveigled thousands into trusting it with their funds: and in 1720 the accumulation of bubble companies resulted in a frightful collapse, which ruined all who had trusted to them.

P. 92, l. 25. **But cruelty itself, etc.** Nothing could be clearer or more effective than this terse epitome of a whole complex story of confusion and tyrannous misrule. The presentation of such a story necessitates a high use of the power of selection. Macaulay gives just enough to inform without wearying, and his style, usually cold, gains a warmer charm from the tone of subdued indignation.

P. 94, l. 15. **The palanquin of the English traveller.** See note, page 28, line 7.

P. 95, l. 18. **The sepoys could only be kept, etc.** "The first Sepoy mutiny took place about the middle of the year 1764, at Patna.

It was put down by Major Munro, who blew twenty men from the guns. At intervals other mutinies followed, generally just after a successful campaign, when the troops were least amenable to reason."

— C. B.

PAGE 95, LINE 29. **Verres.** Caius Verres was prætor of Sicily, B.C. 74-72. The oppression and rapine of which he was guilty, while in office, so offended the Sicilians that they brought an accusation against him before the Roman Senate. Cicero undertook the cause of the Sicilians, and pronounced the first of those celebrated orations (the second was not delivered) which are so well known in connection with his name.

P. 95, l. 29. **Pizarro.** The Spanish adventurer, greedy and cruel, who entered Peru in 1531, conquered the country, and massacred the king. He was himself assassinated in 1541.

P. 98, l. 16. **Clive redeemed his pledge.** This paragraph shows that Macaulay can work out an antithesis on a large scale as well as within the limits of a sentence. Study the correspondence of parts, before and after the dividing-line, — "But he had chosen the good part."

P. 100, l. 8. **Sir Thomas Roe.** See note, page 27, line 9.

P. 100, l. 30. **Proconsuls, proprætors, procurators.** Terms of the Roman republic. Their use in this side-allusion is another instance of Macaulay's felicitous habit of bringing all history near together, and so giving a wonderful sense of richness to his pages.

P. 102, l. 28. **They little knew, etc.** From this point to the end of the paragraph the succession of short sentences, even in length, equivalent in cadence, has a hard monotony of ring that is unendurable. Why is Macaulay's style peculiarly open to this abuse?

P. 104, l. 11. **Ricimer.** Patrician of Rome, and virtual ruler of the Roman Empire in the fifth century.

P. 104, l. 12. **Odoacer.** Son of one of Attila's officers, first barbarian king of Italy. Killed in 493 by his rival Theodoric, king of the Astrogoths, who succeeded him.

P. 107, l. 30. **Nabobs.** The tradition of the Nabobs lingered long. Thackeray in "The Newcomes," made fun of it, and presented in an Anglo-Indian, Colonel Newcome, his noblest type of hero. "The Nabob of books and tradition is a personage no longer to be found among us. He is neither as wealthy nor as wicked as the jaundiced monster of romances and comedies, who purchases the estates of

broken-down English gentlemen with rupees tortured out of bleeding rajahs, who smokes a hookah in public, and in private carries about a guilty conscience, diamonds of untold value, and a diseased liver." — **THE NEWCOMES**, Chap. viii.

PAGE 110, LINE 1. **Turcaret**. The hero of a comedy written by Le Sage in 1709. He is an unprincipled and imbecile financier, duped by a lively baroness.

P. 110, l. 2. **M. Jourdain**. A character in Molière's comedy, "Le Malade Imaginaire."

P. 110, l. 9. **The Dilettante**. The Club of *dilletanti* was established in 1734, with the object of introducing a taste for the fine arts into England. The word (Italian) means *lover*, but in common use has become a term of contempt synonymous with dabbler.

P. 110, l. 10. **Maccaroni**. Compare Yankee Doodle. The word in the last century signified a dandy. The derivation is uncertain.

P. 110, l. 16. **Foote brought on the stage**. In his comedy called "The Nabob." It is somewhat amusing to find Clive saying in defence of the Nabobs a short while before, "If, in short, there has not yet been found one character amongst them sufficiently flagitious for Mr. Foote to exhibit in the theatre in the Haymarket." (Speech on East India Judicature Bill, March 30, 1772.)

P. 110, l. 23. **Jaghires**. Revenues derived from land.

P. 110, l. 23. **Mackenzie**. "Henry Mackenzie (1745-1831), essayist, novelist, and dramatist, was, by profession, a Scotch lawyer. His best-known writings are 'The Man of Feeling,' 'The Man of the World,' and a serial entitled 'The Lounger,' published at Edinburgh during 1785 and 1786. One of the names under which he wrote in the last mentioned was 'Margery Mushroom.' See especially the letter in No. 36 of 'The Lounger,' to which Macaulay refers." — C. B.

P. 110, l. 28. **Cowper, in that lofty expostulation**.

"Hast thou, though suckled at fair Freedom's breast,
Exported slavery to the conquered East?
Pulled down the tyrants India served with dread,
And raised thyself, a greater, in their stead?
Gone thither armed and hungry, returned full,
Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
A despot big with power obtained by wealth,
And that obtained by rapine and by stealth?
With Asiatic vices stored thy mind,
And left their virtues and thine own behind,
And, having trucked thy soul, brought home the fee,
To tempt the poor to sell himself to thee?"

Expostulation, 369-378.

“Compare also ‘The Task,’ ii. 1–285, and Lord Chatham’s speech, January 22, 1770: ‘The riches of Asia have been poured in upon us, and have brought with them not only Asiatic luxury, but, I fear, Asiatic principles of government.’” — C. B.

PAGE 111, LINE 10. **Such, as far as we can judge, etc.** Compare Burke’s “Reflections on the Revolution in France” (Clar. Press edition, p. 53) where he says that the House of Commons will be able to preserve its greatness “as long as it can keep the breakers of law in India from becoming the makers of law in England.”

P. 112, l. 7. **Sir Matthew Mite.** A character in Foote’s play, “The Nabob.”

P. 113, l. 11. **William Huntington,** who styled himself S. S. or Sinner Saved, would seem to have anticipated certain methods of the Salvation Army. He aroused much religious excitement in a certain class.

P. 113, l. 23. **In the summer, etc.** Another of the strong descriptive passages which alternate with admirable effect throughout the essay with political and military narrative.

P. 115, l. 10. **Adam Smith.** Founder of modern political economy, and author of the “Wealth of Nations,” published in 1776.

P. 116, l. 15. **The excitement.** Analyze the climax.

P. 117, l. 6. **Lord Rockingham.** See Macaulay’s “Essay on the Earl of Chatham.”

P. 119, l. 3. **He described in vivid language, etc.** “In the speech (March 30, 1772) already quoted, his words are — ‘Consider the situation in which the victory of Plassey placed me. A great prince was dependent on my pleasure; an opulent city lay at my mercy; its richest bankers bid against each other for my smiles; I walked through vaults, which were thrown open to me alone, piled on either hand with gold and jewels.’ (See Gleig’s ‘Life of Lord Clive,’ p. 297.)” — C. B.

P. 119, l. 27. **Ordinary criminal justice.** The logic of this paragraph is somewhat peculiar; it shows, however, the easy and superficial good sense with which Macaulay always disposed of questions of casuistry.

P. 120, l. 16. **Bruce, etc.** “‘Every schoolboy knows’ the crime of Bruce. The great blemish on the name of Maurice, Duke of Saxony (1521–1553), was his self-seeking and temporizing conduct before he espoused the cause of the Protestants, and drove Charles V. out of

Germany. On the character of William the Silent, historians differ. Motley pronounces him innocent. The massacre of Glencoe stained the name of William III. James Stuart, Earl of Murray, treated his sister and queen with a cold cruelty. Cosmo de Medici (1519-1574), Grand Duke of Tuscany, though he restored literature and the fine arts to Italy, had won his power at Florence by torture and secret assassination. Henry of Navarre was as distinguished for the licentiousness of his private life, and the versatility of his faith, as in his public acts he truly deserved the name of Great. Peter the Great (1672-1725), Czar of all the Russias, though of such wonderful ability in public life, was to the end a coarse, brutal savage, wallowing in drunkenness, and revelling in the torture of his victims. It is somewhat surprising that Macaulay should have placed him in so honorable a list, however great his achievements may have been." — C. B.

PAGE 121, LINE 3. **Knight of the Bath.** Constituted by Henry IV. in 1399, and conferred on forty-six esquires who had watched and bathed with him the night before his coronation. Revived by George I. See a fine description of Henry VII.'s chapel in Irving's "Sketch-Book."

P. 121, l. 27. **Warren Hastings.** See Macaulay's famous essay, which should by all means be read as a companion to the "Essay on Clive."

P. 122, l. 20. **The previous question.** An ingenious mode of avoiding a vote.

P. 122, l. 24. **This motion.** "That certain sums (enumerated) had been obtained by Lord Clive on the establishment of Meer Jaffier; and that Lord Clive did at the same time render great and meritorious services to his country."

P. 123, l. 15. **Lally.** An Irish officer in the service of France. Governor of Pondicherry, 1756. Executed by order of the French Government, 1766.

P. 123, l. 27. **Dr. Moore.** Travelling physician to the Duke of Hamilton.

P. 124, l. 23. **But he had now nothing to do.** Browning compares Clive to a great castle, overrun in its decay by insolent intruders.

"Reels that castle thunder-smitten, storm-dismantled? From without Scrambling up by crack and crevice, every cockney prates about Towers — the heap he kicks now! turrets — just the measure of his cane! Will that do? Observe moreover — (Same similitude again) —

Such a castle seldom crumbles by sheer stress of cannonade.
 'Tis when foes are foiled and fighting's finished that vile rains invade,
 Grass o'er-grows, o'er-grows till night-birds congregating find no holes
 Fit to build in like the topmost sockets made for banner-holes —
 So Clive crumbled slow in London, crashed at last." —

PAGE 125, LINE 8. It was said that he would sometimes, etc. The anecdote is taken from Boswell's "Life of Johnson," chap. xii., Dr. Robertson, the historian, telling it in a conversation with Johnson.

P. 126, l. 19. **Ghizni.** Taken in July, 1839, the year before Macaulay's essay was published in the "Edinburgh Review."

P. 126, l. 22. **Alexander, Condé, and Charles XII.** "Alexander the Great fought and won the battle of the Granicus (B.C. 336) at the age of twenty-two. Lysimachus was his great instructor in the art of war. Prince Condé at the same age totally defeated the Spaniards at Rocroi, in 1643. Charles XII. of Sweden, at the age of eighteen heavily defeated the Russians at Narva in 1700. All these battles were decisive. Napoleon Buonaparte entered the army at the age of sixteen, and at the age of twenty began to distinguish himself. Four years later he commanded the artillery at the memorable siege of Toulon (1793)." — C. B.

P. 127, l. 14. **Those who subdued Antiochus and Tigranes.** "Antiochus Asiaticus, king of Syria, was conquered by Pompey in B.C. 65. Tigranes, the ruler of Armenia, and son-in-law of Mithridates, was totally defeated by the Roman general Lucius Licinius Lucullus in B.C. 69, and three years later laid his crown at the feet of Pompey." — C. B.

P. 128, l. 9. **Munro, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe.** "Sir Thomas Munro (1760-1827) was governor of Madras in 1820. The Honorable Mountstuart Elphinstone (1778-1859), governor of Bombay (1819-1827), and historian, was one of the most celebrated of British Indian statesmen. Lord Metcalf (1785-1846) took charge of a mission to the court of Lahore in 1808. In 1835 he acted provisionally as governor-general between Lord W. Bentinck's resignation and the arrival of Lord Auckland. He afterwards filled the posts of governor of Jamaica and governor-general of Canada." — C. B.

P. 128, l. 18. **Lucullus and Trajan.** Lucius Licinius Lucullus (B.C. 115-57), consul and commander, was celebrated like Clive both for his military talents and for his luxurious style of living. Marcus

Ulpian Trajanus (A.D. 25-117), the wisest and best of all the emperors of Rome, greatly distinguished himself as a general by his conquests of the Dacians and Parthians. He was no less distinguished in the civil works which he accomplished.

PAGE 128, LINE 20. **Turgot.** A patriotic and enlightened French minister, who endeavored, in the period shortly before the French Revolution, to carry 'out many moderate reforms. He incurred the enmity of the privileged classes, whose rights he endeavored to restrict, and was consequently dismissed from office in 1776.

P. 128, l. 22. **Lord William Bentinck.** First governor-general of India, appointed in 1828. He won the warm regard of Lord Macaulay during the latter's Indian residence. The last sentence of the essay is placed on the pedestal of the statue erected in his honor in Calcutta.

These final sentences roll themselves out with a sonorous ring and sweep that make them worthy to conclude an essay on such a man as Clive by such a man as Macaulay.



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